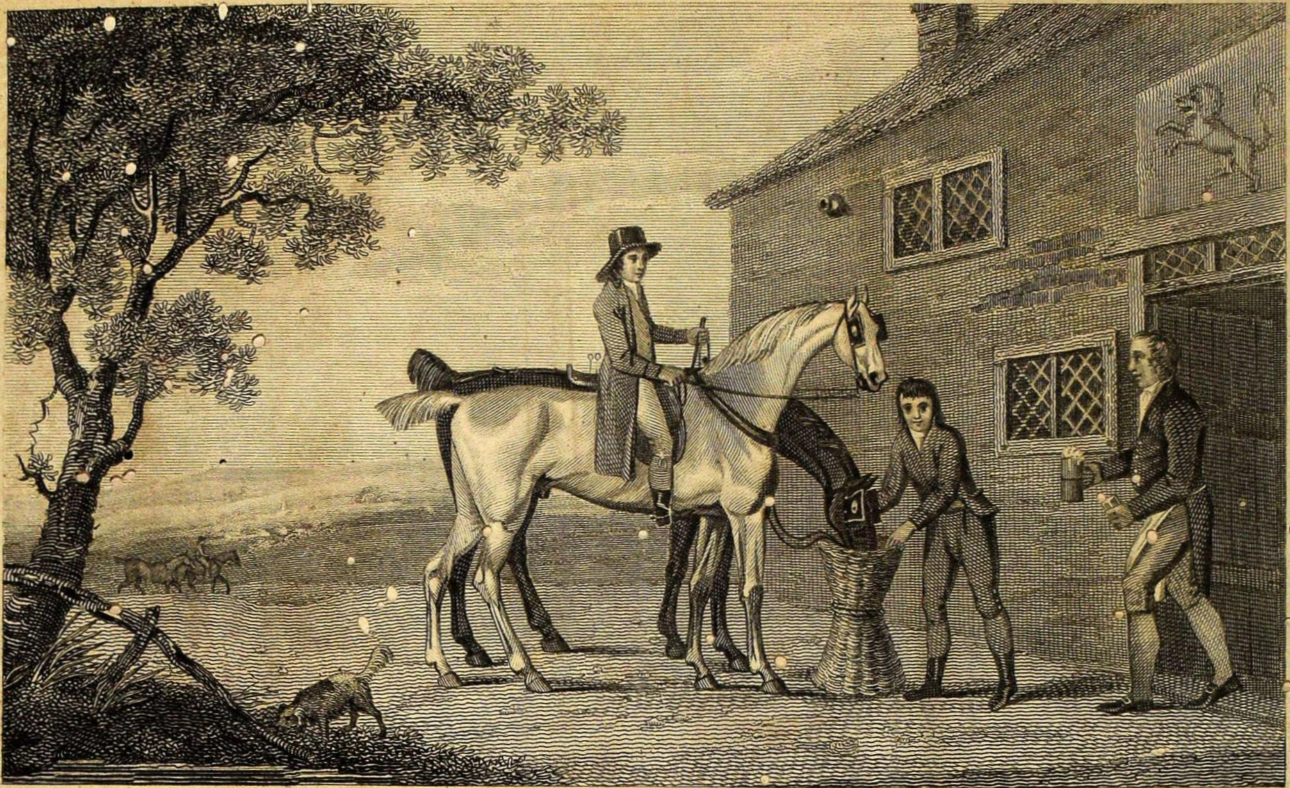

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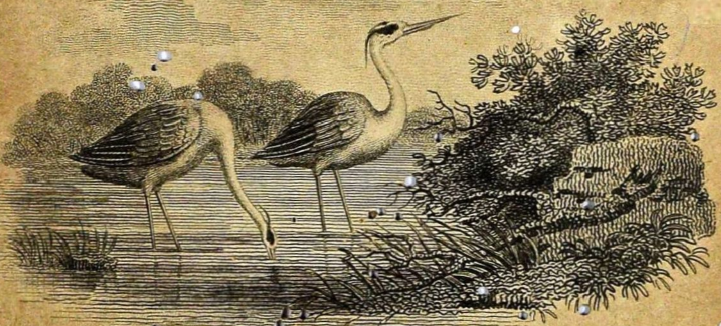
THE
Sporting Magazine
OR
MONTHLY CALENDAR
of the
Transactions of
THE TURF, THE CHACE,
And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure Enterprize & Spirit.

VOLUME THE FIFTEENTH.



LONDON.

Printed for the PROPRIETOR, and Sold by J. WHEBLE,
N.° 18, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane near St. Pauls.

MDCCC.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHACE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the MAN of PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE and SPIRIT,

For OCTOBER, 1799.

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[Embellished with a spirited Engraving of CAVALRY SWORD EXERCISE, CUT 5; and an Etching of RURAL SPORTS—CUDGEL PLAYING.]

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And sold by J. Wheble, No. 18, Warwick-square, Warwick-lane, near St. Paul's; C. Chapple, No. 66, Pall Mall, opposite St. James's Palace; J. Booth, Duke-street, Portland-place; John Hilton, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. JUSTINS, Printer, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Portraits of King Fergus and Saltram, are in the Engraver's hands; as is, likewife, the Race at Oxford, in which are introduced Diamond, Warter, and Beliffima.—Saltram, and the laft-mentioned, are from Paintings by Mr. Sartorious. One Plate of each will be given in the Three fucceeding Numbers.

Our Correfpondent, who is an Amateur of Cocking, fhall certainly be attended to.

Howitt del.   Scott sculp.

Sword Exercise Cut 5.

THE

Sporting Magazine,

For OCTOBER, 1799.

MILITARY SWORD EXERCISE—CUT 5.

[*A beautiful Engraving by Scott.*]

ONE other Plate, (Cut 6,) will complete these spirited Engravings; after which, some highly-finished portraits of Racers will be given; the names of some of these are mentioned in the Answers to Correspondents (page 2) of the present Number.

RETALIATION; OR, THE GAME-KEEPER NONPLUSSED.

A Soldier belonging to Colchester barracks, amused himself a few days ago with shooting; unfortunately a wood-pigeon flew across the road and perched on a tree in an adjoining park; the soldier fired, brought it to the ground, jumped over the pales, and secured his prize; but leaving it for a few minutes by the side of his gun, found both seized and the gun re-loaded by the game-keeper, who, not only abused the poor fellow with very harsh language, but threatened with the most violent imprecations, to shoot him dead on the spot if he did not eat the bird raw! Hard as this article of capitulation was, the warrior, having lost his musket, was obliged to comply, and attempted to carry it into execution; but had not eaten two mouthfuls, when its powerful effect, as an emetic, prevented his proceeding any further. The game-keeper finding he had done his utmost to fulfil the terms of capitulation, relaxed in some degree from his brutality, and excused the finishing of the horrid repast. The soldier then earnestly requested to have his gun returned, which, after some hesitation, the game keeper complied with. No sooner was the son of Mars in possession of his gun, than pointing it against the game-keeper, used the same words and imprecations that had before been uttered against him, to oblige the other to eat up the remainder. The poor game-keeper was forced to comply, and had gotten half way through his bloody meal, when the soldier, unable to bear the savage scene, and dreading the arrival of the enemy's reinforcements, decamped, leaving him to finish it by himself. No sooner was Mr. Gamekeeper left alone, thinking himself at liberty to act at discretion, he set off in full speed, and meeting an officer, learnt from him that the soldier was one of his company. A regular complaint was lodged against him for shooting in a gentleman's park, and an interview fixed for the evening parade. The gamekeeper did not fail to attend, in the hope of bringing the poor fellow to the halbert.—The officer called the soldier from the ranks, and asked him if he knew that man, to which he cheerfully replied, yes, your honour, I had the pleasure to breakfast with him this morning! He then related every circumstance of the above story, which the gamekeeper could not deny, and the laugh against him was so strong, that instead of

of standing forward as an accuser, he was glad to sneak off rather than await the consequences that might ensue if he had continued till the soldiers were dismissed from parade.

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I Am, and have been, a constant reader of your entertaining Publication as a sportsman in general, but the sport I am most attached to is cocking; and it is with concern I find, no more than two Engravings on that noble diversion, (besides the small vignette of a game cock,) encouraged by the attention you paid to my communication some time ago from Newport, in Shropshire. I venture to beg, that you will favour us with an engraving on that subject, and also, whatever you can come at, to elucidate that famous sport. Be assured, that whatever I and my friends can meet with, shall be at your service. I am, Gentlemen, your sincere well wisher,

AN OLD COCKER.

October 11*th*, 1799.

AQUATIC SPORT.

ON Monday September 23, was decided a long pending match on the river Thames, between the two cutters, the Thetis of six oars, and the Albion of four. The boats started at half past nine, to row against tide from Westminster-bride to Kew. The original wager for ten guineas aside only; but a number of bets were depending to a large amount, generally six to four on the Thetis at starting. The Thetis seemed to have the advantage, and went a small distance a-head; the Albion, however, soon came up with her, and they were fouled till they came nearly to Milbank; here much *skill and dexterity* was displayed on both sides, particularly by the men of the Albion, who were able to keep close to the stern of their opponent without much difficulty; the bets now turned in favour of the latter, though still astern. Thus they continued till they reached Putney, when the Albion, by the superior skill and exertions of her company, shot by the Thetis, and so continued to gain on her, that when they arrived at Kew, they were a-head a full quarter of a mile.

This was, perhaps, one of the best contested matches ever witnessed on the river. The shores being lined with spectators, and the river covered with boats of different descriptions, rendered the whole a very pleasing sight.

It should be observed, that the hands who rowed the Albion, were not the company belonging to that boat, but were four picked men from the Invincible of eight oars.

THE GAME OF D'AUVERGNE.

THIS is a French game, and has a great similitude to the game of Trumps. Different numbers of persons may play at it, from two to six: the number of cards used is thirty-two; but when there are but two or three players, only twenty-eight are used, the four sevens being thrown out. The cards follow their common rank, viz. king, queen, knave, ace, ten, nine, eight, seven; when the sevens are made use of.

After you have cut for deal, the dealer shuffles the cards, and when cut by him on his left, he deals to each player and to himself five cards, by two and three; after which he turns up the next card, and that is trumps: each player then

then examines his game, and if none of them has a good hand, they say pass; and in that case they can return, that is, turn up the card that is at the bottom, which becomes the trump, in the room of the card first turned; and they may return a second, so that there may be three cards turned up in all, if the first two are not agreeable to any of their games: he that stands his game is to make three tricks to win, or at least the two first that are made, if the tricks should be divided.

The following laws will fully explain every thing that is necessary to be known concerning this game. The party commonly consists of seven games, but that depends on the players, who may make it as long or as short they please.

LAWS OF THE GAME.

1st. When the pack is false, there must be a new deal; but the preceding ones stand good, and even that, where it is perceived, if it is entirely finished.

2d. He that deals wrong, loses a game, and deals again.

3d. When there comes one or more faced cards in the deal, there must be a new one.

4th. If the king is the turn-up card, whether it be the upper or under card of the stock, the dealer wins a game for each king that he turns up.

5th. He that has the king of trumps in his hand, wins one game by that king, and as many more as he has other kings with the king of trumps.

6th. He that plays before his turn, forfeits one game to the board.

7th. He that renounces, loses the party; that is, he has no farther pretensions to it.

8th. He that stands his game, and loses it, is taken down one game for the profit of him that wins.

9th. He that has in his hand the king of the suit turned up at the bottom of the stock, has the same right as he that has it of the first turned card; that is to say, he makes one game for his king, and one for every other king that he has, provided, however, that he has not already had the king of trumps, for which he has marked.

10th. If it should happen that a player after the return, in the course of his play, should lose the first king of trumps, either by its being trumped, or otherwise, he that wins the trick gains one mark from him that loses the king, and so for the other kings, for which the marks are won.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DIVERSIONS AND GAMES OF THE ORIENTALS.

THE *Osmanli*, or Turks of distinction, who are still attached to the ancient military institutions of the nation, amuse themselves chiefly with equestrian exercises. The principal inhabitants of Cairo meet twice a week in a large square, called *Mastabe*, with a number of attendants on horseback. In this square they play at *Gerld*; which consists in running by two and two, with the stirrups loose, pursuing one another and tossing staves four feet long: these they throw with such force, that if any one be not upon his guard, he is in danger of having a leg or an arm broken. Others, while riding at full gallop, throw balls into a pot placed upon a heap of sand. Others, again, shoot the bow; an exercise in such repute, that pillars are erected in honour of those who exhibit extraordinary proofs of strength, or dexterity in launching the arrows.

When

When the Nile is at his greatest height, the great people about Cairo, divert themselves in little boats splendidly decked out, upon the *Birkets* in the middle of the city.—Upon this occasion, they regale the inhabitants with music, and often with fire-works.

A man originally from Tripoli, in Barbary, informed me, that the Pacha of that city used sometimes to erect two scaffolds, with cords running between them, and upon these miniature models of ships of war, armed with cannons of a size in proportion to the size of the vessel. Those vessels thus suspended in the air, and commanded by naval officers who directed the evolutions and the fire of the small artillery, presented no unentertaining representation of a sea-fight. The captain whose vessel first suffered considerable damage was considered as conquered.

But this diversion often ended in serious quarrels among the commanders, and was therefore abolished.

The servants of the Egyptian nobles, exercise themselves on foot, in throwing, one against another, staves five or six feet long; and thus learn to throw the *Gerid*, when on horseback. The common people and peasants divert themselves with cudgel-playing. Gladiators by profession there are too, who exhibit in public. But staves are their only weapons; and a small cushion fastened under the left arm serves them as a buckler.

Through the villages, the young people amuse themselves at diversions much the same as several of those which are practised in Europe. They run, leap, play at the ball, sometimes at odds and evens, and tossing a number of small stones into the air, and receiving them again into the hand.

The Koran prohibited playing for money, and for this reason, the Orientals seldom play at any game of chance. The Mahometans have the happiness of never being forced, as we are in Europe, to engage out of politeness; however, some Mahometans play at a piddling game, when they are not with their women. They know nothing of our cards, but at Bombay, I met with four Arabian merchants, who played with Chinese cards, so large and thick, that not one of the four but had enough to do with both hands. Some young Mahometan merchants, whom I surprized playing at Bombay, concealed their game with an appearance of anxiety, till they learned I was an European. The Greeks are too polished, not to imitate our manners; they shew themselves good christians by playing with our cards, and a deep game too.

The inhabitants of the East have, however, some games, more suitable to their sedentary life, and splenetic humour, at which they play without keenness, and merely to fill up the vacant hours. Such are chess, draughts, trictrac. The Arabic names of these games, and their antiquity prove them to have been originally introduced from the East into Europe. If the Mahometans shew any degree of passion for any one game, it is chess at which they spend, sometimes, whole days without interruption. But those who enter into this game, with this keenness and seriousness, are reckoned dull by their companions. Instead of wooden chess-boards, they use a white linen cloth, with pieces of a different colour sewed upon it. When the game is ended, the cloth is wrapped up with the victors and vanquished, amicably mixed in it.

They have another game, which is played on boards, marked with squares one within another, and these divided diagonally, with stones or shells of different colours. This game has found its way into Europe,

Europe, where we see people play at it with black and white beans.—There are many others, which being less diversified or ingenious, have not yet reached us. Such are the *Mankale* which bears some resemblance to chess; and *Tabuk Duk*, in which, being a mixture of hazard, it bears some resemblance to back-gammon. The hazard depends upon the play of four broad sticks, half white, half black; and the sides thus differently coloured determine, by their combinations, the movement of the pieces on the board.

A more ancient game is still in use among the inhabitants of the East; the Arabs call it *Lal el Kab*: it is played with small bones of sheep or goats, and the value of the several strokes in the progress of the game, is determined by the appearance of one or another of the sides of the bone above. The elder Greek and Latin authors speak of this game, which must have given rise to the use of the dice.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Plymouth, October 27.

GENTLEMEN,

IF the following account of a cricket match, played at Plymouth dock, September 20, 1799, between two captains and nine picked men of the West Kent Militia, and six captains and five men of the Wiltshire militia, in one innings, for fifty guineas a side, should meet your approbation, I shall be happy to see the insertion of it in your next Magazine.

Your's,
A CONSTANT READER.

West Kent -	72

WILT INNINGS.

Captain Scroop, c. Hayler	7
Captain Hunter, c. Woolett	0
Captain Windham, b. Ditto	0
Captain Methner, c. Reed	5
Captain Rhod, b. Lucas	11
Captain Dunning, c. Ditto	8
Mr. Moss, b. Woolett	11
Mr. Eley, b. Reid	3
Mr. Hodges, c. Woolett	8
Mr. Strike, b. Ditto	0
Mr. Lake, not out	2
Byes	8
	63

Kent won by nine runs.

P. S. As I was not on the ground soon enough for the Kent, I cannot give you a detail of their innings.

NEW IMPROVEMENTS IN DUELLING AND SWORD EXERCISES.

SINCE the commencement of the late levies, I understand that not only *drill serjeants* have had daily access to the lobbies and parlours of many decent and peaceable houses in the metropolis, but that professors of the *noble science of defence* have been so constantly occupied in attending grown gentlemen and ungrown officers, that their former scholars have found great difficulty in procuring masters to push with them, and have frequently been obliged to have recourse to the less edifying opposition of one another.

The purpose of the serjeant's instructions, every lover of his country must approve. The last mentioned art, that of fencing, I formerly took great delight in myself, and still account one of the healthiest of all house exercises; insomuch, that when I am in the country, where I make it a rule to spend a part of every day in execrise of some kind, I generally take up my foil on rainy mornings, and push with great success against the figure of Herod, in a piece of old arras that was taken down from my grandmother's room, and is now posted up on the wall of the laundry.

When

When those two sciences, however, go upon actual service, they are to be considered in different lights. That of the serjeant, as it teaches a man to stand well on his legs, to carry his body firm, and to move it alertly, is much the same as the fencing-masters; but in their last stage they depart somewhat from each other.—The serjeant proposes to qualify a man for encountering his enemy in battle, the other to fit him for meeting his companion, or friend it may be, in a duel.

I am not at all disposed to bestow, on a practice so gentleman-like as duelling, those severe reprehensions, equally trite and unjust, in which some writers have indulged themselves. During my residence abroad, I was made perfectly acquainted with the arguments drawn in its favour, from the influence it has on the manners of the gentleman, and the honour of the soldier. It is my intention only to point out those bounds, within which the most punctilious valour may be contented to restrain itself, and in this I shall be the more guarded, as I mean the present paper principally for the use of the new-raised regiments above alluded to, whose honour I dearly prize, and would preserve as scrupulously inviolate as possible. I hold such an essay peculiarly proper at this juncture, when some of them are about to embark on voyages, in which even good-natured people, being tacked together like man and wife, are somewhat apt to grow peevish and quarrelsome.

In the first place, I will make one general observation, that, at this busy time, when our country has need of men, lives are of more value to the community than at other periods. In time of peace so many regiments are reduced, and the duties of an officer so easily performed, that if one fall, and another hanged for killing him, there will speedily be found two proper young men ready to mount guard, and shew a good leg on the parade in their room. But, at present, from the great increase of the establishment, there is rather a scarcity, in proportion of the demand of men of military talents, and military figure, especially when we consider war is carried on against such a genteel people as the French, to whom it will be necessary to shew officers of the most soldier-like appearance and address.

This patriotic consideration will tend to relax the etiquette formerly established, for every officer to fight a duel within a few weeks of the date of his commission, and that too, without the purpose of resenting any affront, or vindicating his honour from any aspersion, but merely shew that he could fight. Now this practice being unnecessary at present, as preferment goes on briskly enough by the fall of officers in the course of their duty, may very properly, and without disparagement to the valour of the British army, be dispensed with; so it is to be agreed and understood, that every officer in the new raised regiments, whose commission bears date on or posterior to the 1st of January, 1498, is *ipso facto* to be held and deemed of unquestionable courage and imaculate honour.

As to the measure of affront which may justify a *challenge*, it is to be remembered that the officers of the above-mentioned *corps* have been obliged, in levying their respective quotas, to engage in scenes of a very particular kind, at markets, fairs, country weddings, and city bawds, amongst a set of men and women, not remarkable for delicacy of language, or politeness of behaviour.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A PHILO-

A PHILOSOPHICAL AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON HORSES, AND ON THE MORAL DUTIES OF MAN TOWARDS THE BRUTE CREATION.

BY JOHN LAWRENCE,

Continued from page 293. Vol. XIV.

IT is well enough known, to those who request them, that capital trotters, whether for a single mile, or for distance, are always scarce, and command a high price; and that it is extremely difficult to obtain them, until they are in such a battered state, that they are scarce safe to ride; the madness and folly of their owners, always wearing out the legs and feet of these horses, in teaching them their pace. As horses trot from their shapes, I would recommend it to such sportsmen, as desire a hack of this kind, to purchase a promising one in his youth, either from his own search, or through the means of a dealer, who knows something of the matter, which, in truth, but few of them do.

If a young trotter be obtained, it will be perceived, in an instant, whether he has a natural great bent of speed; but if not, granting he be thorough-shaped, and can trot a mile in four minutes handsomely, he may improve, and become capital for a long distance. In training a young trotter, take a long time, keep him almost within himself, never trot him with a slack rein, or suffer him to hitch, lead with one leg, or get into a confused run between trot and gallop; but accustom him to pull well and steadily at you. Always oblige him to finish his trot in a walk, never in either canter or gallop, in which latter case, cause him to run round, as is the custom in a trotting race. No hack is fit to trot any considerable distance until rising six years old; but it is remarkable that trotters, unlike gallopers, do not lose their speed from old age, many having been known to trot as fast at twenty, and even near thirty years of age, as they did in their prime; a solid recompence, surely, for the extraordinary care which these horses demand. As it is obvious, that the damage which trotters receive, in their feet, joints, and sinews, arises from their violent and incessant thumping the hard road, common sense will naturally prescribe moderate and sparing exercise, and soft ways; and whenever you see a fellow wantonly rattling his trotter over a pavement, you may fairly presume, a natural affinity, between the scull of the jockey, and the materials with which his course is strewed; and even if you go so far as to wish a happy contact between them, humanity herself shall forgive you. I would even recommend training a trotter on the turf, wherever that advantage can be obtained; far from rendering a hack unsteady in his trot, when he afterwards comes upon the road, he will trot more steadily for it, the chief reason for a good trotter flying into his gallop (besides bad jockeyship) being the soreness of his joints and feet. They must have the best grooming, and the constant use of a loose stable.

To be able to perform sixteen miles in one hour, a horse must have speed enough to trot a mile in considerably less than three minutes and a quarter. If he be full of meat, and in work, from a fortnight to a month's training is sufficient; and that by no means in the severe and rattling way which it is usually practised by our Smithfield jockies, who sometimes contrive to win their match, and lose their nag. Four miles trotting in the morning, through the last of which *you must come along*, and good walking exercise in the afternoon, is fully sufficient. This ought to be preceded by a gentle

dose of physic. If a trial, all the way through, be held necessary, let it be as long as possible (consistent with condition) previous to the race.

Trotters should always be ridden with a double-reined bridle, moderately curbed; and with respect to a jockey, I would advise a preference to be given to one who belongs to the running stables, and that not entirely on the consideration of weight. Supposing one of this description to be rather unaccustomed to trotting, he will train on sufficiently in the course of exercise; and will have, at his fingers ends, certain important points, of which the common trotting jockey will always be ignorant. The reason usually assigned for setting a huge thundering fellow upon a trotter, rolling from side to side, sawing his jaws, and beating him out of his stroke, is, forsooth, that the weight may steady the horse, and the jockey be strong enough to hold him; as if it did not require pulling with infinitely more effect and judgment, to make a waiting race with a hot and powerful horse, which is so often and so well performed over the Beacon course, by a rider of eight stone.

In trotting matches, no attention is usually paid to weight, unless it be to set up a sufficient lump, for the sage reasons aforesaid; and I have actually known twelve stone chosen in preference to nine. But I submit it to sporting men, whether it consist with reason to exclude the general principle in this case, or whether weight can possibly be without its exact share of consequence, in a pace which sometimes equals the rate of twenty-five miles per hour. For my own part, I am perfectly satisfied on this head, not only from theory, but repeated experience; and can assure those, who wish to profit by trotting matches, that they will find their account, in paying due attention to the weight they put on horseback. Let the sportsman beware, how he makes his match in the winter season, when the roads are deep and heavy; and, if made in summer, the proper time for a trotting race is early in the morning, when the least impediment will be experienced from traffic.

Colt-breaking has not that attention among us, which its importance demands. There is a general want of well qualified men in this way, as well as of good farriers. Our chance-medley breeders either break their horses themselves, or commit it to persons equally ignorant; whence the number of our *Garroons*, the breed and education of which are so well matched.

I have already given divers hints on this part of the subject, and once more repeat my advice of teaching the colt a good canter. If it should be held proper to learn him to leap the bar, the utmost care must be taken that he be not suffered to do it with a heavy weight, which may, in an instant, let down his tender sinues. It by no means injures a colt, of size and bone, to put a collar upon him, provided the draft be light and easy: for instance, ploughing light sands; his knowing how to draw, may be of after use and profit.

The utmost care should be used to teach a colt his paces distinctly. You will observe a number of horses trained and ridden by little farmers and countrymen, which confuse and jumble the paces one into the other, shuffling between walk and trot, and trot and gallop, till they acquire a kind of racking pace, from which it is no easy task to reclaim them; or they will, perhaps, do one pace only. If the colt be unfavourably made forward, and it appear from the mal-conformation of his neck, and the ill-setting on of his head, that he can never

never have a handsome carriage, double care must be taken to give him a well-tempered mouth, the only thing which can possibly render a horse, of this unfortunate description, tolerable.

Such as shew much blood, or stoop forward, and lounge in their gait, in the usual manner of bred cattle, ought to be well set upon their haunches.

The future goodness and value of the nag materially depend upon early tuition. If he be defective in bending his knees, led him be ridden daily in rough and stony roads; or if that fail, cause him to be ridden every day, for a month, or more, with blinds. Being blinded, he will naturally lift up his feet. I have experienced the use of it.

When a colt is refractory, it is usual to tame him, by riding him immoderately over deep earth. It is a silly custom, and often productive of great mischiefs, by weakening the tender joints of a young horse, breaking his spirit, or rendering it totally desperate. Coolness and perseverance are here the requisites; there is no horse with a stomach so proud, which a level course will not bring down.

The most proper period for breaking a saddle-colt, is the usual one, when three years old. In the common mode of performing this premier act of horsemanship, there is very little variation, since Baret's days; or rather, it may be said, we have universally adopted his improved method. A head-stall is put upon the colt, and a caversane over his nose (from the old Italian word, *cavazana*, Englished, by Blundevlle, cavetsan, or head-straine) with reins. He is saddled, then led forth with a long rein, and, in due time, lunged, or led around a ring, upon some soft ground. As soon as he has become tolerably quiet, he is mounted, a proper mouth and carriage given, and his paces taught. When sufficiently instructed, he ought (in general) to be dismissed, until the following spring; an early period for serious business.

There are some, who choose to defer breaking their colts until four years old, for which they often find just cause of repentance, in the strength and stubbornness of the horse; such practice would, however, be at least somewhat more safe, if a favourite method of mine were adopted, which is, to accustom colts to handling, to the halter and the bit, immediately upon their weaning.

On the subject of riding on horseback, it is rather a hazardous task for an author to say any thing serious, after the immortal Bunbury's exquisite burlesque of Geoffrey Gambado, which has convulsed all those of the present time, who have any tolerable portion of the *animal risibile* in their composition. One would also wonder how there could be any unskilful or barbarous horsemen among us, since such judicious and humane rules have been long since attainable, for the moderate sum of one shilling, in the truly excellent pamphlet of my old acquaintance, Professor Charles Hughes. But thus it is; neither the light but poignant shafts of ridicule, nor the sage admonitions of us pains-taking authors, are able to prevail upon the bulk of people to become good jockies. Hear old Blundeville upon this affair:—

"Of which knowledge, what lacke we English haue had, and speciallie haue at this present, is best seene at a muster, when the queene's majestie hath need of horses and horsemen, where oftentimes you shall see some that sit on their horses like wind-shaken reeds, handling their hands and legs like weauers: or if the horsemen be good, then the horse, for his part, shal be so broken, as when he is

 spurred

ſpurred to go forward, he will go backward: and when his rider would haue him to turne on the right hand, he will turne cleane contrarie: and when he ſhould ſtop, he will arme himſelfe, and run awaie, or elſe ſtop ſooner than his rider would haue him, or uſe ſuch like toies."

Hear farther the warm-headed, but well-meaning Michael Baret:—

"Alſo, hee muſt carry his body upright, neither yeelding too farre backe, as if hee were pulling at a great tree, nor too forward, as if he were aſleep, for theſe two motions ſerve to other ends, (as hereafter ſhall be ſhowne) neither to ſit on one ſide, like a crab, or to hang his body ouer as if he were drunken, as I have ſeen ſome horſemen doe. Neither ought he to carry his legs ſo cloſe to his horſe's ſides, that hee cannot give any motion therewith, except hee firſt thruſt them forth. —Neither muſt he carry his legs (out) ſtaring like ſtilts, (without ioynts, as Saint George painted on horſe-backe) before his horſe's fore-ſhoulder," &c. I have been as correct as poſſible in the orthography of the above quotations, for the uſe of that worthy gentleman, who lately publiſhed certain genuine Shakeſpearian MSS. and who, no doubt, has more in petto, for the farther amuſement of the public.

The preſent times, mature however they ought to be in the ſcience, are far enough from deficient in caricatures of horſemanſhip. Obſerve that tall, thin figure, riding up Rotten-row, bolt-upright upon his horſe, as though he were impaled, his ſtirrup-leathers of an exceſſive length, the extremity of his toe barely touching the ſtirrups, as if afraid of it; his lily hands adorned with ruffles volant, and his head with a three-cocked hat, as ſharp as a north-eaſter; the head of his ſteed decked out with extraordinary trappings, and the ſtern ſecured by a crupper. This is a toe-jockey, or a taylor on horſe-back. But let not my readers miſunderſtand me. I here ſpeak not of actual, but virtual taylors; ſuch, by virtue of a figure. Far be it from me, to ſpeak with the leaſt diſreſpect of a profeſſion, which has produced ſo many heroes, in the ninth degree ſuperior to ordinary men. To go no farther, witneſs that noble Engliſh taylor, to whoſe memory one of the chief cities of Italy erected a ſtatue, on account of his military virtues—thoſe gallant taylors, who, in the war before the laſt, plunged with their horſes into the Thames, and ſwimming acroſs, haſtened to gather laurels in the bloody fields of Germany—and that Hercules, in fields of more pleaſant deſcription, the celebrated taylor of Brighton.—Let it be remembered alſo, that every profeſſion which conduces to public and private benefit, is honourable; and, moreover, that it would ill-become a poor author to write contumeliouſly of taylors, who are, in general, ſuch creditable men.

Some you will ſee, who, under the miſtaken notion, that it is the go, to lean forward, becauſe they have ſeen ſomething like it at a race, hang quite over their horſes necks: theſe equeſtrians make a ſmall miſtake, by bending at the hip-joint, inſtead of the middle of the ſpine, which, by protruding their poſtic parts, gives them the ſemblance of being juſt in the act of offering an oblation to the neceſſary goddeſs. Others thruſt their legs out from the horſe's ſides, in defiance of all ordinary gateways. Behold that knowing dog from Romford, or the interior of Eſſex, with a quid in his mouth, an *Indiaman* waiting from his *ſqueeze*, his horſe ſhuffling along, dot and go one, or budging forward in that delightful *rack*, between trot and gallop;

gallop; the rider's whole foot, and part of his leg, thrust through the stirrup, and his toe projecting downward, as if he meant to dig a hole in the road; he rows the living engine along, by alternately striking the flank and shoulders with his heel and toe, whilst his arms, in unison, beat the devil's tattoo against his own sides.

The modern seat on horse-back, and it seems to have owed its establishment to reason, confirmed by experience, is, to set naturally and easily upright upon your saddle, as you would in your chair; your knees about as much bent, and turned inward, your toes somewhat out, and upward, your leg falling nearly straight, and your foot home in the stirrup; your back-bone prepared to bend in the middle, upon occasion, your elbows held close to your sides, your hands rather above the horse's withers, or the pommel of the saddle, and your view directed between his ears. This is the true turf, or Newmarket seat, and the best exemplification of it that I am able to give, is the portrait of Samuel Chifney, the jockey, upon a horse named Baronet, once the property of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT CUSTOMS, &C. HUMOUROUS AND SINGULAR.

JEAN Bellet, a French writer, relates that it was formerly the custom in some parts of France, on the third day of the Feast of Easter, for a woman to beat her husband in public; and that, on the following day, the husband used to beat his wife, with the same publicity.—From which, the author argues, that the establishment of this custom was to indicate "that both man and woman stand in need of mutual correction."

The lord of a very considerable estate in the district of Vexin, in Normandy, till the end of the last century, used to assemble all his vassals of both sexes in the month of June, that were marriageable; and after making them chuse their partners, and the ceremony of marriage being performed by the parish priest, invites them to dine in the hall of the castle. Here, after remarking those couples whom the lord supposed would best answer the purpose of his amusement, he would impose certain conditions upon them; which, if they failed performing, he would not permit them to cohabit with each other, notwithstanding the marriage knot had been tied.—Some of these conditions were, that a new-married pair should pass the first night in a lofty tree, and there consummate their marriage; while others were compelled to the same performance in the river D'Andelles, in which they were obliged to remain two hours.

Among the Saxons, the recompence to a virgin who had been seduced, is very singular. On complaint made that she was deserted by her lover, it was ordered by the court, that she was to lay hold of the tail of a bull three years old, introduced through a wicker door, and shaven, and well greased. Two men were to goad the beast: if she could, by dint of strength, retain the bull, she was to have it by way of satisfaction; if not, she got nothing but the grease that remained in her hands. *Wilkins Leges Saxon,* 44.

The Saxons set a price on every rank, from the king to the peasant. The head of the king was valued at thirty thousand thrymses, or 4500l. half to be paid to his relations, and half

half to the kingdom for the loss it had sustained; that of a countryman was esteemed at two hundred and sixty-six, or 39l. 18s. *Wilkins Leges Saxon*, 71.

The Welch had in like manner their *galana's* and *gwerth*, of the same nature with the former; but their fine was usually paid in cattle, the wealth of the country.

But the *gwerth* was not only a compensation for murder, or homicide, but for all species of injuries. To cuckold the prince was expiated at a very high rate; the offender was fined in a gold cup and cover, as broad as his Majesty's face, and as thick as a ploughman's nail who had ploughed for nine years; and a rod of gold as tall as the king, and as thick as his little finger; a hundred cows for every *cantref* he ruled over, with a white bull, with different coloured ears, to every hundred cows. *Leges Wallicæ*, 199.

Welch, Saxons, and Normans, had each their pecuniary atonements for lesser injuries. A Welchman, for the loss of his finger, received one cow and twenty pence; of his nose, six oxen and one hundred and twenty pence; and for being pulled by the hair, a penny for every finger, and two-pence for the thumb, the instruments of the insult.

The Saxons had similar fines; and the Normans, like persons of nice honour, provided a penalty of five sous for a lug by the nose, and ten *pour un coup au derriere*. *Wilkins Leges Saxon*. 44. 278.

The Scotch had also similar compensations for homicides and injuries, which in their old laws passed under the names of *cro*, *galnes*, and *kelchyn*. *Regiam Magestatem*, 74.

The Irish had their *eric* or satisfaction for blood. *Davies History of Ireland*, 109.

PRODUCTIVE INDUSTRY—THE CHACE.

[*From Mr.* TOOKE'S *View of the Russian Empire.*]

Continued from page 302. Vol. XIV.

YET not only beneath and upon the earth, but even in the air, has man's inventive genius contrived to lay snares for his liberty and his life. The Koraiks to this end look out for a crooked tree, grown into the form of a gibbet, at the bowed summit of which they attach a noose, hanging with it a bait. The hungry bear is so tempted by this object, that he eagerly climbs up the tree, and is infallibly the victim of his greediness; for, on his moving the branch, the noose draws together, and the bear remains suspended to the tree, which violently springs back into its former direction. But more singular and ingenious is the method adopted by the inhabitants of the mountainous parts of Siberia to make this ferocious animal kill himself. They fasten a very heavy block to a rope, terminating at the other end with a loop. This is laid near a steep precipice in the path, which the bear is wont to take.— On having his neck in the noose, and finding that he cannot proceed for the clog, he takes it up in a rage, and, to free himself from it, throws it down the precipice, which naturally pulls him after it, and he is commonly killed by the fall.— Should this accidentally not be the case, he drags the block again up the mountain, and reiterates his efforts, till with increasing fury he either sinks nerveless to the ground, or puts an end to his life by a decisive plunge.

The bear is found not only in all the Siberian forests, but also in great plenty in the northern provinces of European Russia. The white

white or Polar bear, lives on the coasts of the Frozen-ocean, and on some of the eastern and northern isles, where the chase of him is a collateral occupation of the mariners, who visit these coasts for the capture of the morsh. Black bears are so numerous in Kamtshatka, that they are seen roaming about the plains in troops, and would infallibly have long since exterminated all the inhabitants were they not here more tame and gentle than in all the world beside. In spring they come in multitudes from the mountains in which they have passed the winter, to the mouths of the rivers for catching fish, which swarm in all the streams of that peninsula. If there be plenty of this food, they eat nothing but the heads of the fish; and when they find nets laid in any place, they dexterously drag them out of the water, and empty them of the fish. Towards autumn, when the fish go up the rivers, they advance with them gradually to the mountains.

When a Kamtshadale spies a bear, he endeavours to conciliate his friendship at a distance, accompanying his gestures by courteous words. Indeed they are so familiar, that the women and girls, when they are gathering roots and herbs, or turf for fuel, in the midst of a whole drove of bears, are never disturbed in their employment by them; and if any one of these animals comes up to them, it is only to eat something out of their hand.—They have never been known to attack a man, except when they are roused from their sleep, and they seldom turn upon the marksman, whether they be hit or not. This humane character of the Kamtshadale bear, who differs so remarkably from his brethren in all other countries, procures them however no exemption from the persecutions of mankind. The great utility of this animal, whose bodily parts, from the skin to the entrails, are of service to the Kamtshadales in a thousand ways, is a sufficient motive to self-interested man to declare eternal war against him. When both parties meet, the contest is generally bloody, and almost always terminates to the advantage of the more artful creature. Armed with spears and clubs, the Kamtshadale goes in quest of the peaceful bear in his calm retreat, who is meditating no attack, but only thinking of his defence, and gravely takes the faggots, which his more brutal persecutor brings him, and with which he himself choaks up the entrance to his den. The mouth of the cavern being thus closed, the hunter bores a hole through the top, and spears, with the greatest security, his defenceless foe.

It would be difficult to name a species of animals, excepting the sheep, so variously serviceable to man, as the bear is, after his death, to the Kamtshadales. Of the skin of this animal, they make beds, covertures, caps, gloves, and collars for their sledge-dogs. Those who go upon the ice, for the capture of marine animals, make their shoe-soals of them, which have this advantage, that the wearer is not in danger of slipping with them. The fat of the bear is held in great estimation by all the inhabitants of Kamtshatka, as a very savoury, and wholesome nourishment: and when melted, and thus rendered fluid, it supplies the place of oil. The flesh is reckoned such a dainty, that they seldom eat it alone, but usually invite a number of guests to partake of the delicious repast. The intestines, when cleansed and properly scraped, are worn by the fair sex as masks to preserve their faces from the effects of the sun-beams, which here, on being reflected from the snow, are generally found to blacken the skin; by which means the

Kamtſhadale ladies preſerve a fine complexion: the Ruſſians of Kamtſhatka make window panes of theſe inteſtines, which are as tranſparent and clear as thoſe made of Moſcovy glaſs. Of the ſhoulder-blades are made ſickles for cutting graſs, and the heads and the haunches are hung up by the Kamtſhadales as ornaments or trophies, on the trees about their dwellings. If the uſes of the bear be ſo various to the Kamtſhadales, not leſs general is the wear of his fine and warm fur by perſons of the higher claſſes in Ruſſia. A light black bearſkin is one of the moſt comfortable and coſtly articles of the winter-wardrobe of a man of faſhion at Peterſburg or Moſco, and even the ſmall white hand of a belle is ſlipt into the large bear-muff which covers the half of her elegant ſhape.

Among the animals already named, the glutton deſerves to be mentioned, on account of his beautiful ſkin. Theſe creatures, at the charge of whom credulous travellers have ſpread ſo many ſurpriſing falſhoods, are found both in northern and ſouthern Siberia, principally about the Anadyr and the Kovyma, where they are famed for their ingenious artifice for taking and killing rein-deer. From the trees they watch theſe harmleſs creatures, and ſtrew moſs upon the ground as a bait. Lured by this, as ſoon as the rein-deer comes under the tree, the glutton leaps upon his neck, ſcratches out his eyes, and torments him with ſuch perſeverance, that the poor ſufferer beats himſelf to death againſt the tree — This done, he buries his prey very carefully in ſeveral places, and never yields to the ſuggeſtions of his ravenous appetite to taſte a morſel, till he has depoſited the whole of his proviſion ſafely under ground.— With equal cunning the glutton, in the diſtricts of the Lena, ſubdues the much larger and ſtronger animal the horſe; when tamed, however, he loſes of his ſavage nature, and becomes, by the variety of his entertaining pranks, a moſt amuſing companion to his maſter.

To theſe objects of the chaſe for furs, laſtly, may be added the following animals, with ſhort web-feet, ſince their dwelling and the manner of their capture allow them to be brought under no other rubric. The beaver, who is found in the great rivers of Siberia, and in the Sundſha among the mountains of Caucaſus, &c. and the river or fiſh-otter, which likewiſe is at home in moſt of the Siberian, and in ſome of the European rivers.

The beaver, ſays the moſt learned naturaliſt of the age, is perhaps the only example ſtill left as an antient monument of the intellectual faculties of the brutes. "As much (continues he) as man has raiſed himſelf above the ſtate of ſavage nature, ſo deeply are the animals ſunk below it. Reduced to ſubjection and ſlavery, or treated as rebels and diſperſed by force, their ſocial connections are effaced, their induſtry is impoveriſhed, and their weak faculties vaniſhed.— Each ſeveral ſpecies has loſt its general qualities, and only the individual properties are preſerved, which, with ſome, are unfolded by example, imitation, and training, but with others by neceſſity and fear, which oblige them to be inceſſantly providing for their ſafety. What views, what plans can be expected from heartleſs ſlaves or from languid exiles? To exiſt, cringing or eſcaping, or always in ſolitude; to effect nothing, to produce nothing, to leave nothing behind; to ſigh, to periſh in miſery, to propagate without increaſing; in a word, to loſe in perpetuity as much as they had gained by time— that is their lot! Thus there are but few traces remaining of their admirable induſtry, only in thoſe deſart

desart regions the existence whereof have been for ages unknown to mankind, and where every species is at liberty to exert its natural talents, and quietly bring them to perfection in a permanent state of society. An insulated being, as it proceeded from the hands of nature, is an unfruitful being, whose faculties are confined to the mere use of his senses; even man, when he is deprived of the perceptions and support of society, produces nothing, and effects nothing. The solitary and insulated beaver, instead of shewing a cogitation beyond that of the other species of animals, seems even, by his mere individual capacities, to stand far beneath some of them; his genius and his talents only shine forth when he lives united in society: and even these animals never think of building when they dwell not in desart regions, where men are in such small numbers, that they cannot easily molest them."

In fact the uninhabited wilds of Canada and Siberia, are the only regions in which the beavers are numerous, and even here they herd together about the solitary and unfrequented rivers, therefore they are oftenest found singly on the woody banks. The usefulness of this animal sharpens the persecuting spirit of man, from which he is never safe even in the most latent coverts.

The skin of the beaver has hair of two kinds: the lower immediately next to the hide, are short, implicated together, and as fine as down; the upper grow more sparingly, and are thicker and longer. —This latter is of little value; but the flix or down is wrought up into hats, stockings, and caps.

The hunters prefer the winter season for seeking out the holes of the beaver; they stop up the entrance on the side next the water with stakes, enlarge the vent-hole which they find on the land-side, for the purpose of putting through it a dog, who is so trained, that he holds the beaver with his teeth, and lets himself be drawn out with it by the hind feet. The otters are likewise either pursued with dogs, or destroyed by spring guns, placed on the margin of the streams they frequent.

The importance of the chace for procuring furs, is apparent, not only from the immense consumption of them within the empire, but also from the great demand for them, which, notwithstanding, still continues. In a country, where most of the provinces may calculate upon a winter of one half the year, protection from the cold is the second necessary of life, and the boor in Russia, who is destitute of furs, is almost as unfortunate as the peasant in France, who has lost his winter provision of corn. A well-informed author, who seems to have a thorough knowledge of the natural wealth and industry of Russia, has attempted to reckon up the value of the products with which the chase for furs annually increases the national treasure of that country, and thinks the amount of all the skins thus procured in one year, must be estimated at least at five millions of rubles.

But though the accounts of the sale of the furs to foreign countries be founded on authentic documents, the results of them are not the less defective. In the year 1768 Russia sold to the value of 490,000 rubles, and in the year 1793 furs to the amount of 396,000 rubles were exported from all the sea-ports, those of the Caspian excepted; and yet the exportation by land is not here included, which, according to the greatest probability may be stated as high, and even higher.

But, notwithstanding this superfluity, which Russia delivers to the foreigner,

foreigner, yet the importation of the same object forms a very considerable article, as may be seen from the single instance that in the last-mentioned year, furs, to the amount of 256,000 rubles were brought into the port of St. Petersburgh alone, among which we find 79,000 rubles worth of otter-skins, and beaver skins to the value of 29,000. Unless this importation consist in part at least of Russian products, brought hither by sea only on account of the easier transport, this particular of the custom-house lists ought surely to be matter of concern to every true Russian, as it naturally strikes us with surprise, that a country so richly stocked with wild animals of every kind should be dependent on foreign industry in this class of its necessaries.

How useful soever the several classes of animals, we have here been considering, may be to the inhabitants of the Russian empire, by their skins, of no inferior consequence are the remaining objects of the chace, either as to inland consumption, or to foreign commerce. That we may not too greatly swell the catalogue, we will name only some of the most remarkable, the products of which are become an article of trade. To these belong, for the second time, the beaver, who, beside his skin, affords also the castoreum exported by Russia in various quantities every year.

Next follows the civit-cat, which abounds in Siberia, and in some provinces, particularly about Krasnoyarsk, to so great a degree, that the male, which on account of his bag is dearer than the female, costs no more than from thirty to fifty kopeeks, and the female, skin and flesh together, will scarcely fetch ten.

The civet-cat is also very common about the lakes in the confines of the Samara, the Volga, the Kama, and the Don. The skins of these animals are to be had at an extremely low price, as they are only used as ordinary edgings; though they might be far more usefully employed in the making of felt for hats, as they consist almost entirely of a fine soft wool, which in delicacy and glossiness yields in no degree to that of the beaver, though it is somewhat shorter. The civet-cat is generally taken in autumn and spring, and commonly found suffocated in fish-weels and nets, though from the structure of their inward parts they are adapted to remain long under water. This animal makes his holes in the high banks of the lakes under the water, yet so that they slant upwards and the burrow remains always dry. In winter therefore he has only the subterranean air to breathe; but when the ice dissolves, they come in numbers, to sport in the sun, on the surface of the water. The best organ of this animal is his very sensible and nervous snout, for his eyes are still smaller than the mole's, and his ears are grown up with hairs. The effluvia emitted by the matter contained in the glands, under the skin of his tail, is of a far more penetrating and permanent nature, than that of even the best musk.

The real native country of the civet-cat, is the most elevated region of Asia, between the alpine heights of Altay and the mountains which divide Thibet from India; hence this species, which is about the size of a deer of the second head, seems to have retreated to the northern territories, where it is at present found. In the choice of its habitation it much resembles the fallow-deer and Shamois goat, living only on bare rocks, between lofty mountains overgrown with pines and firs, or covered with snow. The musk, which consists of a brown, crumbly, and greasy substance, only collects

collects in the males in a sort of bag in the umbilical region. The largest bladder, which is commonly no bigger than a hen's egg, contains, according to Tavernier's account, an ounce and an half of musk.

(To be continued.)

THE CHACE.

A SHANDEAN FRAGMENT.

BY this time the hunters had disappeared; and in about twenty minutes, a labourer came out of the cottage, and informed us that the stag was coming down the hill in full view, and that we should see the chace to the best advantage from the back door of the house.

The buck, to which the huntsman had given but short law, came bounding down a slope, closely pursued by the hounds in full cry; the hunters, close in with the dogs, hallooing tantivy, tantivy, at every stretch.

"This is a view hollow," said I, turning to Captain O'Carrol.

The poor animal had made a circuit, to gain the place where he was first raised; but finding neither safety nor covert there, he turned round, ran right a-head, and in so doing, crossed the garden of the cottage where we stood.

The dogs and men passed on.

Two ladies passed on, pushing their horses with courage and vigour, which would do honour to the spirit and strength of Amazons.

A third female, fearless as Camilla, closed the chace. It was heaven's mercy she did not close her life. Unhappy fair one, with whip and spur, she urged her courser's speed; but just as she prepared to clear a fence, the bank gave way, and down came the horse, jirking the rider from his back into the midst of the ditch.

We ran to her assistance—she was topsy-turvy.

"This is a view hollow," said O'Carrol, turning to me.

Sophia retired a few paces.

"We must fix her upon her feet," said O'Carrol, leaping into the ditch, and seizing the lady by the bindings of her petticoats. I followed his example.

An old virtuoso came up; he took out his glass—"I believe she is a peeress, (said he) by the coronet on her saddle."

It was not possible to turn the lady to either one side or the other.

A labourer came to our assistance—he got under the lady, and raised her.

"Bless my eyes," exclaimed the labourer, "her heels are where her head ought to be.

"It is really a horrid chasm," said the *virtuoso*, peeping into the ditch.

"Every body, from the highest to the lowest, have their ups and downs in this world," observed a lame beggarman, with a malicious smile.

Having gotten the lady upon the bank, and set all things to rights, Sophia joined us; and with the help of a smelling bottle, and chafing the lady's temples, she was restored to herself. She had received but little hurt that we could see, and she declared she felt none. "But I fear I shall be thrown out," said the lady; so curtseying thanks to Sophia, and smiling thanks to O'Carrol and me, with our help she mounted a hunter, cleared the ditch where she was thrown, and taking a short cut to avoid being thrown out, was soon out of sight, and we returned to the cottage.

A THOROUGH GAMESTER.

AN Arch-deacon of Bruges, in his book of the Triumph of Truth over Vanity, speaks of a gentleman,

tleman, who ordained in his will, that after his deceafe, his bones fhould be converted into dice, while his fkin fhould be prepared for the purpofe of covering the dice-box, board, &c.

HINT TO GAMEKEEPERS.

IT is proper thefe active gentlemen fhould be told, that unlefs they are *menial fervants*, and paid for as fuch by their refpective mafters, their deputations are invalid, and they are liable to profecution, and to have heavy penalties recovered againft them. Their mafter's appointment is deftroyed by a twofold fpecies of fraud againft the revenue; firft, by the mafter not paying for his gamekeeper as a fervant; fecondly, in taking out a guinea licence for him as a gamekeeper, when he ought to have a three guinea certificate, to warrant his attempting to fport at all. One guinea only is paid by this manœuvre, when the revenue is entitled to four. The Stamp Office would do well to look to this; which the parochial returns of fervants by their mafters, and their own lift of gamekeepers certificates, would render no difficult tafk.

A SPORTING FIDLER.

THE *love fick* Electrefs Dowager of Bavaria, whofe tender attachment to the *munich fiddler* has caufed many a *long bow* to be drawn in the relation of their courtfhip, is the daughter of the Archduke Ferdinand, of Milan.

On the death of her hufband, the late Elector, fays a French Journalift, her Highnefs retired to a fmall pleafure houfe at Lac, about fix leagues from Munich. Her favourite was the firft violin player of the Elector, Frantz Eck, one of the beft fidlers in Europe, well made, and a fine figure. The young Dowager, finding her perfon at her own difpofal by the death of the Elector, refolved to follow the dictates of her heart; and being defirous to crown her love by marriage, took the name of Madame Frantz; but her father being apprifed of her conduct, fent a countefs, who carried her off the 22d of laft month, and brought her to Laybach, in Carinthia, where fhe will be ftrictly watched.

Frantz, for having prefumed to accept the hand of a princefs, with a revenue of 200,000 florins, has been carried to a fort, where he will remain for the reft of his life, condemned to make the vaults of his dungeon re-echo the foft founds of his fiddle.

THEATRE.

DRURY-LANE.

A New mufical entertainment, entitled *The Embarkation*, was produced at this theatre on Thurfday night, October 4, the characters of which were thus reprefented:

MEN.

Captain Beverley,	-	Mr. Holland.
Midfhipman,	-	Mr. Dignum.
Mufhroom,	-	Mr. Surmont.
Hokenfoken,	-	Mr. Wewitzer.
Sawny,	-	Mr. Sparkes.
Firft Dutchman,	-	Mr. Cory.
Firft Soldier,	-	Mr. Truman.
O'Splafh,	-	Mr. Palmer.
Ramrod,	-	Mr. Suett.
Jack Juniper,	-	Mr. Bannifter.

WOMEN.

Eliza,	-	Mifs De Camp,
Mary,	-	Mrs. Bland.
Child,	-	Mafter Tokely.

Scene lies occafionally in England and Holland.

While remote objects feem beft calculated to form the fubject of ferious compofition, becaufe they derive

derive a mellowneſs from diſtance, works of wit and humour, whoſe materials are drawn from the paſſing hour, derive no inconſiderable advantage from local ſituation and temporary alluſion. Of this diſtinction, Mr. Franklyn, the author of the above piece, appears to have been perfectly aware. He has, therefore, in his choice of a ſubject, very properly availed himſelf of the intereſt excited by the expedition to Holland; and to give a wider field for the introduction of incident, divided the ſcene between the Engliſh and Dutch coaſts, of which there are ſome pretty picturesque views. The embarraſſment of *Muſhroom*, a coxcomb, whoſe curricle is put in requiſition on his road to Margate, the ſailing from thence of the troops, the attack on Helder, the releaſe from priſon of *Eliza*, the wife of *Captain Beverley*, and the final victory of the Engliſh, form the outlines of the ſtory, which is embelliſhed with the humour of *Jack Juniper*, a drunken ſailor, *O'Splaſh*, a blundering Iriſh ſerjeant, and *Hokenſoken*, a phlegmatic Dutchman.

The compreſſion of ſo much matter into two ſhort acts, gives to the piece a great deal of life and buſtle. The humour is natural and unaffected; and the muſic, by Mr. Reeve, conſtitutes a principal ſtrength.

Mrs. Bland has one very delicate air, which was loudly encored. Her duet with Banniſter is alſo very pretty, and met with the ſame reception. Indeed this is the uniform character of all the ſongs, which have alſo the merit of being, however diverſified, always ſuited to the nature of the ſubject, as in the inſtances ſubjoined.

The piece was heard throughout with loud applauſe from the lower part of the houſe, and a conſiderable oppoſition from the galleries, particularly on its being announced for a ſecond repreſentation.

SONG.

CHORUS OF DUTCHMEN.

Our trade is fled,
Our commerce dead,
And nothing can revive her;
We're free, we're told,
But trade being cold,
The boaſt's not worth a ſtiver.
Buſs agen Vanderſden,
[illegible]ch agen Heiterſden,
But to get baak the ſtiver.

Hard blows we'll get—
In vain we fret,
While no guilder is ſtirring;
We're free, they ſay,
But that's their way,
And then they pouch the florin.
Buſs agen, &c.
But to get baak the florin.

ANECDOTES OF BUCKHORSE.

THE once-celebrated Buckhorſe, whoſe real name was Smith, ſays a writer of an account of the members of the Robin Hood ſociety in 1750, for ſome time paſt has not been a ſpeaker in the club, but when he attended it, he ſpoke with ſuch vivacity and elocution, about milling the mazards, and darkening the day-lights of his antagoniſts, that no one would diſpute with him, except the little *poetical cobler*, whoſe ſize of underſtanding, and perſon nearly reſemble the other's.—Were I ambitious of the fame of a writer, I might draw a parallel, in the manner of Plutarch, between theſe two little great men; but as I write for ſomething more ſubſtantial than empty praiſe, namely, the home-felt ſatisfaction of defending a worthy ſet of men, I decline it, and ſhall only ſay ſomething of Mr. Buckhorſe, though I muſt confeſs I ſhall not ſay a great deal, ſince that ingenious gentleman is already too notorious to need any addition to his fame, by any thing I can ſay of him.

Mr.

Mr. Buckhorſe, it is underſtood, drew his firſt breath at the houſe of a publican in Newtener's lane, near Drury Lane, who very ſoon after that event compaſſionately turned the mother and child into the ſtreet.

Mr. Buckhorſe received the moſt liberal education that his mother and her aſſociates could beſtow on him; for they taught him all the artifices and tricks they could, as well as the moſt elegant language. As ſoon as he arrived at his ninth year, they wanted to teach him to pick pockets; but he declared he was a lad of honour, and would not do a dirty action for the world.

His genuis was now ſo remarkably fine, that his company was coveted by every one. Now though he had abilities ſufficient for any purſuits, his ruling paſſions were *love* and *boxing*.—As a lover he was reſiſtleſs, and as a boxer, extremely formidable.

Time, that great nurſe of genius, and maturer of abilities, improved our hero's, and no nymph or bruiſer dared ſtand before him; for he conquered both by the ſtrength of his members, and the vigour of his parts.

In the year 1747, Mr. Buckhorſe took to himſelf a wife, and a trade: His wife, the fair Cinderilla, of Vinegar-yard; his trade that of a ſtick-ſeller.

It was in that ſame year he took a noble reſolution: a reſolution worthy of ſuch a man, and ſuch a hero!

He juſtly conſidered, that ſuch were the effeminacy and puſillanimity of the major part of our beaus, bucks, and bloods, that they were afraid of expoſing their perſons to danger in *Broughtonian* exerciſes, yet would gladly part with their money, could they have the pleaſure of beating any perſon that would conſent to it. On this preſumption, he whiſpered two delicate beaus one day, as they were coming out of the Bedford Coffee-houſe, that if they would give him ſix-pence, they might beat him with their rattans as long as they would.

With pleaſure the two beaus accepted the propoſal. The ſix-pence was given, and the blows beſtowed; but ſo light, owing to the debility of thoſe *daffodils*, that, as Buckhorſe has frequently owned to me, he ſcarce felt them.—Whether this was the origin of a practice peculiar to Mr. Buckhorſe, I cannot take upon me to aver; but any perſon buying a ſtick of him while he ſold that article, was at liberty to ſtrike him with it as hard as they could.

The ſucceſs he met with at the firſt outſet, induced him to continue ſo beneficial a trade; and Cinderilla and him afterwards drank as much geneva as they choſe; the produce of our hero's judicious and well-planned ſcheme.

The next year he commenced member of the Black-guard club at Hockley in the Hole—a Fellow of the Mendicant ſociety at St. Giles's—and a conſtant viſitant of the Robin Hood Society in Butcher-row.

Mr. Buckhorſe was very intimate with Mr. Broughton, Mr. Slack, Mr. Smallwood, Mr. Stevens, and other athletic heroes, and eſteemed by all; and, indeed, he merits the eſteem of every one; as he declares, upon his honour, he never has fought booty, betrayed his friend, or violated his promiſe: actions, which, if I miſtake not, very few great men can boaſt of their conduct in life!

Such is the hiſtory, and ſuch the character of Mr. Buckhorſe a *quondam* member of our ſociety, but who now declines viſiting it, as he is conſcious he is not now the man he has been, nor is capable, by his elocution and talents, to add to the reputation of ſo choice an academy of

of illustrious personages: But though he does not go *above* stairs, he is every day to be seen *below*, in the kitchen, and not unfrequently exhibits a noble spectacle of an eater of Noon's soup; which he professes he likes better at this period of his life, than either kissing a pretty girl, fighting with a bruiser, or disputing with a Robin Hood orator.

Thus have we done due honour to Mr. Buckhorse, and given a more true, and, therefore, satisfactory account of him, than is to be met with in a spurious performance, published some few years since, in two volumes, and pretending to be genuine and authentic memoirs of this great man.

MODERN COSTUME.

IT was the observation of a very great person, that every man may be known by his dress. Every age has had its peculiarities and eccentricities, in the progress to these glaring distinctions which divide the manners, habits and customs of distant epochs. Fashions perform their evolutions, and return like comets at stated times, though none of our learned beaus may be able to calculate their return.

The *long toed shoe* which now figures in Bond-street, was regulated by an Act of Parliament so long ago as the reign of Edward the IIId. In this wise law the rank of the individual was measured by the length of his foot. No person under the rank of a Knight had a right to advance his toe more than four inches beyond the natural extremity. It appears that it was in that age the *kick* became synonimous with the fashion, and getting the length of a man's foot expressed the perfect knowledge of his state and condition.

Hats have in all ages been particularly liable to the caprices of fashion. In a certain northern court, the hats and the caps have alternately had the honour of bringing every species of calamity and disgrace upon their country, like the wigs and tories in our own. Foreign influence and domestic treason are known by one or other of these coverings for the head in which they brood. The Greek empire suffered as much from blue and green as any part of Europe now does from the three-coloured ribband.

It is impossible, therefore, for a profound politician to regard the variations of dress as any thing but the outward and visible signs of those great changes which are hidden from all eyes but his own.

If ever, in some centuries to come, the little hat, stuffed coat, and long-toed shoe of a modern fine gentleman should be discovered in some museum of antiquities, or to survive upon the stage, they would no doubt give birth to many learned doubts and extraordinary speculations. By the size of a pair of modern *leather breeches*, it will naturally be inferred that the present race of men were of a Colossal form, and our posterity will appear degenerate in their own eyes. When we suppose in the same collection a pair of our hussar boots to have escaped the ravage of time, will not our descendants enquire by what descending scale of rapid decay and diminution mankind is hastening into the pigmy state, or the dwarf? Our coats too, to which the cotton, the wool, the tow, and all the *et cetera* of quilting, which now form one half of our bulk, will then only seem the remains of the art of the virtuoso; and the curious stuffing he has devised to represent the gigantic proportions of the wearer, will add to the delusion, and our children will contemplate the dresses of their ancestors with the admiration predicted by the poet, when the peasants should

turn up with their plough-ſhares, the helmets and bones of the ſoldiers of *Pharſalia* :—

> Scilicet ut raſtris, galeas pulſabet inanes
> Grandiaq effoſſis mirabitur oſſa ſepulchris.

It ought, however to be known, for the honour of this commercial nation, that it is to the ſpirit of juſtice, and liberality of our tradeſmen, that this extraordinary augmentation of our bulk is to be attributed. Having doubled the price of every article upon us, they have very fairly given us double meaſure, both in our coats, our boots, and our breeches. The hatter, I am ſorry to ſay, is not entitled to the ſame commendation, for he has of late years perpetually diminiſhed and circumſcribed the little brim he allows us, in the exact proportion that he has advanced the price of it; ſo that the ſcarcity of felt is like that of bread—the leſs you can have, the more you are to pay for it. I paid a guinea and a quarter for the laſt I have bought, and I was ingenuouſly told that by the time a hat coſt two guineas, it would exactly be the ſize and the weight of one. All theſe tradeſmen, in a fairer ſenſe than the hatters, make the *moſt of their cuſtomers* ; but he to whom the nobler part of man, the head, is committed, diminiſhes in the moſt ſcandalous manner the protection it requires, as if he thought our brain uniformly decreaſed in an inverſe ratio to this great expanſion our body.

EXTRAORDINARY ATTACK.

GENERAL GOUT.

DISPATCHES have lately been received, dated from the head-quarters of General Tarleton, near Liſbon, giving an account that the enemy, under the command of General *Gout*, ſome time ſince, made a moſt violent attack upon the whole of his *poſition*, except that no attempt was made upon his *rear*. The conflict was obſtinate and furious. *Gout* uſed ſeveral *manœuvres* in order to hang upon his *flanks*, or fall upon his *front*, and actually ſucceeded ſo far as ſometimes to *turn his right*, and as frequently to *turn his left*. But the Britiſh General was no leſs dextrous in *manœuring*, and made many *rapid movements*, with a view to *baffle* the efforts of his adverſary. He drew up his *whole force* in two compact *columns*, upon the *right* of which *Gout* directed his main efforts with ſuch impetuoſity that the *foot* for ſome time was thrown into great *diſorder* and confuſion. The General contrived to ply ſome *mortars* againſt the enemy, and made good uſe of a reinforcement brought him from the *port*. The conflict laſted for ſeveral days and nights, till *Gout*, being much exhauſted, began to retire from that quarter; and, after a few light ſkirmiſhes with the *other column*, commenced a precipitate retreat. At that critical moment, the General continuing to pour freſh reinforcements upon him, the enemy was driven to a diſorderly *flight* ; nor is it known where he will now endeavour to collect his ſcattered forces. Notwithſtanding every effort of the *leeches*, very little blood was ſpilt during the engagement.

The *General* very warmly acknowledges his obligations for the *ſteady and uniform ſupport* he received on this occaſion from his *ſtaff*.

INSTANCE OF INGRATITUDE IN RICHARD THE SECOND'S GREYHOUND.

Tranſlated from Foiſſart, by Sir John Boucher, Lord Berners.

AND as it was infourmed me, kyng Richarde had a grayhounde called Methe, who always waited

waited upon the kynge, and woulde know no man els. For when soever the kynge dyd ryde, he that kept the grayhounde dyd lette him lose, and he wolde streyght runne to the kynge and faune uppon hym, and leape with his fore fete uppon the kynge's shoulders. And as the kynge and the erle of Derby talked togyder in the courte, the greyhounde, who was wonte to leape upon the kynge left the kynge and came to the erle of Derby, duke of Lancastre, and made to him the same friendly continuance and chere as he was wont to do to the kynge. The duke, who knew not the grayhounde, demanded of the kynge what the grayhound wolde do. "Cousin," quod the kynge, "it is a great good token to you, and an evyl signe to me. "Sir, how knowe you that?" quod the duke. "I knowe it well," quod the kynge. "The grayhounde meket you there this daye as kynge of Englande, as ye shalbe, and I shalbe deposed: the grayhounde hath this knowledge naturally: therefore take hym to you, he wyll followe you and forsake mee." The duke understoode well those words, and cheryshed the grayhounde, who wolde never after folowe kynge Richarde, but followed the duke of Lancastre.

ANTIQUITY OF THE BEAR-GARDEN, AND OTHER ATHLETIC SPORTS.

A Learned Antiquary, Humphrey Scarcrow, Esq. of Hockley-in-the-Hole, recorder to the Bear-garden, has written a discourse on this subject. It appears by the best accounts, says this gentleman, that the high names which are used among us with so great veneration, were no other than stage-fighters, and worthies of the ancient Bear-garden. The renowned Hercules always carried a quarter-staff, and was from thence called *Clavager*. A learned chronologist is about proving what wood this staff was made of, whether oak, ash, or crab-tree. The first trial of skill he ever performed, was with one Cacus, a deer-stealer; the next was with Typhonus, a giant of forty feet four inches. Indeed it was unhappily recorded, that meeting at at last with a sailor's wife, she made his staff of prowess serve her own use, and dwindle away to a distaff: She clapt him on an old tar jacket of her husband's; so that this great hero drooped like a scabbed sheep. Him his contemporary Theseus succeeded in the Bear-garden, which honour he held for many years. This grand Duellist went to hell, and was the only one of that sort that ever came back again. As for Achilles and Hector (as the ballads of those times mention) they were pretty smart fellows; they fought at sword and buckler; but the former had much the better of it; his mother, who was an oyster-woman, having got a black-smith of Lemnos to make her son's weapons. There's a pair of trusty Trogans in a song of Virgil's, that were famous for handling their gauntlets, Dares and Entellus; and indeed it does appear, they fought no sham prize. What arms the great Alexander used, is uncertain; however, the historian mentions, when he attacked Thalestris, it was only at single rapier; but the weapon soon failed; for it was always observed, that the amazons had a sort of enchantment about them, which made the blade of the weapon, though never of so good metal, at every home push, lose its edge and grow feeble.

The Roman Bear-garden was abundantly more magnificent than any thing Greece could boast of; it flourished most under those delights of mankind, Nero and Domitian. At one time it's recorded four

four hundred senators entered the list, and thought it an honour to be cudgelled and quarter-staffed. I observe the Lanistæ were the people chiefly employed, which makes me imagine our Bear-garden copied much after this, the butchers being the greatest men in it.

Thus far the glory and honour of the Bear-garden stood secure, till fate, that irresistible ruler of sublunary things, in that universal ruin of arts and politer learning, by those savage people the Goths and Vandals, destroyed and levelled it to the ground. Then fell the grandeur and bravery of the Roman state, till at last the warlike genius (but accompanied with more courtesie) revived in the Christian world under those puissant champions, St. George, St. Dennis, and other dignified heroes: one killed his dragon, another his lion, and were all afterwards canonized for it, having red letters before them to illustrate their martial temper. The Spanish nation, it must be owned, were devoted to gallantry and chivalry above the rest of the world. What a great figure does the great name, Don Quixot, make in history? How shines this glorious star in the western world? O renowned hero! O mirror of knighthood!

> Thy brandish'd winyard all the world defies,
> And kills as sure as DEL TOBOSA's eyes.

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE Cow-Mass, a shew at Dunkirk, scarce exceeded by any in the known world being continued till lately, may not be unamusing to your readers.—It was first instituted by Charles V. to amuse the turbulent and seditious inhabitants of that place;

This very extraordinary show is on St. John's day, the 24th of June. The morning is ushered in by the merry peals of the Corillons, (or bell-playing). The streets are very early lined with soldiers; and, by eight o'clock, every house-top and window is filled with spectators, at least forty thousand, exclusive of inhabitants; and about ten o'clock, after high-mass at the great church, the show begins, by the townsmen being classed according to the different trades, walking two and two, each holding a burning wax candle, and at least a yard long, and each dressed, not in their best apparel, but in the oldest and oddest fashion of their ancestors. After the several companies come a pageant, containing an emblematical representation of its trade, and this pageant is followed by patron saints, most of which are of solid silver adorned with jewels. Bands of music, vocal and instrumental, attend the companies, the choruses of which are very solemn: then followed the friers and regular clergy, two and two, in the habits of their different orders, slow in their motion, and with the appearance of solemn piety. Then came the abbot in a most magnificent dress, richly adorned with silver and gold, his train supported by two men in the dress of cardinals: the host was borne before him by an old white-bearded man of a most venerable aspect, surrounded by a great number of boys in white surplices, who strewed frankincense and myrrh under his feet: and four men supported a large canopy of wrought silver over his head, while four others sustained a large silver lanthorn, with a light in it, at the end of a pole. They then proceeded to the bottom of the street, where there was elevated a grand altar, ascended by a flight of steps, and there the procession stopt, while the abbot came from under his canopy and

and took the host from the old man; then ascending the altar, he held up the host in his elevated hands, and the vast multiude instantly fell on their knees, from the house tops down to the dirt in the streets below. After this solemnity was over, gaiety in the face of every one appeared, and the procession re-commenced; other pageants came forth, from the great church, followed by a vast moving machine, consisting of several circular stages: on the bottom stages appeared many friers and nuns, each holding white lilies in their hands, and on the uppermost stage but one, were two figures, representing Adam and Eve, and several winged angels, in white flowing garments; on the uppermost stage was one figure only, to represent God, on whom all the eyes of the lower figures were directed, with looks of adoration and humility: and this machine, drawn by horses, was to represent heaven. Then followed on an enormous figure, something like an elephant, with a large head and eyes, and a pair of horns, on which several little devils, or rather boys, dressed like devils, were sitting; the monster was hollow within, and the lower jaw was moveable; by moving of which, it frequently exhibited the inward contents, which was filled with full grown devils, and who poured out liquid fire from the jaws of hell: at the same time, the figure was surrounded by a great number of external devils, dressed in crape, with hideous masks, and curled tails. But I should have observed, that between the figures which represented heaven and hell, several young ladies passed with wreaths of flowers on their heads, and palms in their hands, riding in elegant carriages. Then followed old Lucifer himself, armed with a pitchfork, and leading St. Michael the arch-angel in chains: Michael and Lucifer were followed by a person dressed in a a kind of harlequin's coat hung round with bells, holding a hoop in his hands, through which he frequently jumped, and shewed many other feats of activity; but what, or who he represented, I cannot say. Then came a grand carriage, covered with a superb canopy, from the middle of which hung a little dove; under the dove was a table covered with a carpet, at which were sitting two women dressed in white, and with wings pointing upwards to the dove; and they representing the salutation of the Virgin Mary. Next followed a group of dancing boys surrounding a stable, in which was seen the Virgin Mary again, and the child in the manger; and this machine was followed by another fool, like the former, with a hoop and bells.

The next machine was a fish, fifteen feet long, moved by men on wheels concealed within; upon its back sat a boy, richly dressed, and playing upon a harp. The gold, silver, and jewels, which decorated this fish, were valued at ten thousand pounds, and were finished by the city merchants, whose sons and daughters were the principal actors in the show.

After the fish, came another fool, with a hoop, as before; then appeared Joseph, as flying from Egypt; a woman, representing a virgin, with a young child upon her lap, and mounted on an ass, which was led by Joseph, who had a basket of tools on his back, and a long staff in his hand. Joseph and his spouse were attended by several devils, who beat off the people that crowded too close upon the procession; these two were followed by a third hoop dancer.

Then came a large and magnificent carriage, on which sat a person representing the Grand Monarch, sitting on a throne, dressed in his

 robes,

robes, with a crown, ball, and ſceptre, lying before him on a table covered with embroidered velvet.—His moſt Chriſtian Majeſty was attended by ſeveral devils, hoop-dancers, and banner-bearers; then followed another machine, bearing the queen alſo in her royal robes, attended by a great many ladies and maids of honour; the jewels of her crown were ſaid to be of vaſt value; on this ſtage there was a grand band of muſic, and many dancers richly attired; then followed Bacchus, a large fat figure, dreſſed in coloured ſilk, attended by a great number of bacchanals holding goblets up to their mouths as in the act of drinking; with a *few* more devils and hoop-dancers.

Then followed a kind of a ſea triumph, in the front of which appeared Neptune, with his trident and crown, in a large ſhell, ſurrounded by boys dreſſed in white, who were throwing out and drawing in a deep ſea-lead, as ſounding for land; after them ſix men followed in white ſhirts, with poles twenty-five feet long, decorated with bells and flowers, frequently ſhaking their poles, or endeavouring to break them; for he who could break one was exempted a whole year from all pariſh duty.

The pole-bearers were followed by a large ſhip, repreſenting a ſhip of war, drawn on wheels by horſes, with ſails ſpread, colours flying, and braſs guns on board fired off very briſkly; on the quarter-deck ſtood the admiral, captain, and boatſwain, who, when he whiſtled, brought forth the ſailors, ſome dancing, others heaving the log, and the tops filled with boys.

This ſhip was followed by the repreſentation of a large wood, with men in it dreſſed in green; a green ſcaly ſkin was drawn over their own, and their faces were maſked to appear as ſavages, each ſquirting water at the people from large pewter ſyringes; this piece of machinery, which was very noble, was the production of a Jeſuit's college, and cauſed great jollity among the common people: the wood was followed by a very tall man, dreſſed like an infant in a body coat, and walking in a go-cart with a rattle in his hand; and this infant was followed by a man forty-five feet high, with a boy looking out of his pocket, ſhaking a rattle, and calling out "grandpapa! grandpapa!" He was clothed in blue and gold, which reached quite to the ground, and concealed a body of men who moved it, and made it dance.

After him followed a figure nearly of the ſame ſtature, mounted on a horſe of ſuitable ſize for the enormous rider, which made a moſt ſtriking and elegant appearance, both man and horſe being executed in a maſterly manner: it was made in a moving poſture, two of the feet being raiſed from the ground.—Then followed a woman of equal ſtature, and not inferior in elegance to thoſe which preceded; ſhe had a watch at her ſide as large as a warming-pan, and her head and breaſt richly decorated with jewels; her eyes and head turned very naturally; and as ſhe moved along ſhe frequently danced, and not inelegantly.—Thus ended the Cow-maſs.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

ATTENTION TO DOGS AND CATS.

GENTLEMEN,

SAUNTERING along the road the other day, I came to a ſmall inn, where all was buſtle and confuſion by the arrival of ſome great family, with their numerous retinue; but what claimed moſt attention, was the accident of a favourite dog, who was trod on by one

one of the horses turning short; whether it was by chance, or whether it again proved a favourite has no friends, was not for me to decide: a glass of brandy was called for; a common gill, enough to warm a poor man in a cold morning, was rejected as insufficient, and nothing would do but a tumbler full, to bathe Pero's foot in: it was afterwards rubbed with Friar's Balsam, bound up with rags, and committed to the care of a Mrs. Betty, to travel in the coach with her. I admire compassion wherever I see it exerted through the wide sphere of sensitive life; but our refinement may be carried too far, and that sympathising attention, which humanity demands, be squandered on the brute creation. I knew an old maiden lady, whose tears could tenderly flow at the relation of the sufferings of a cat, but who did not exhibit any active benevolence at the call of the wants of her poor suffering neighbours; yet she could readily excuse herself by unremitting attention to her favourite animals. Let them be provided for according to their condition; yet we must remember, that there are duties of humanity belonging to a higher class; and we shall find but small excuse in the judgment of enlightened reason, if we urge our regard to inferior obligations, while those of a superior kind are neglected.

I am, your's, &c.

Brighton, Oct. 8. VIATOR.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

ACCOUNT OF JEFFERY HUDSON, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH DWARF.

THIS remarkable personage was born at Oakham, in Rutlandshire in 1619; and about the age of seven or eight, being then but eighteen inches high, was retained in the service of the Duke of Buckingham, who resided at Burleigh on the Hill. Soon after the marriage of Charles the First, the king and queen being entertained at Burleigh, little Jeffery was served up to table in a cold pye, and presented by the dutchess to the queen, who kept him as her dwarf: from seven years of age till thirty, he never grew taller; but after thirty, he shot up to three feet nine inches, and there fixed. Jeffery became a considerable part of the entertainments at court. In 1638, a book was published, called A New Year's Gift, presented at court by Lady Parvula to Lord Minimus, (commonly called Little Jeffery) with a print of him affixed.

Before this period, he was sent upon a negotiation of much importance, viz. to France, for a midwife for the queen; and on his return with this gentlewoman, and her majesty's dancing master, together with some rich presents, he was taken prisoner by the Dunkirkers.

Now Jeffery being made of consequence, thought himself really so: being of an impatient temper, he had, with difficulty, borne with the teasing of the servants, and had had some squabbles with the king's porter. At last, being provoked by a Mr. Crofts, he sent him a challenge; but as Crofts came armed only with a squirt, Jeffery was so enraged, that a real duel ensued; the appointment being on horseback, with pistols, that Jeffery might be more on a level with him, he, with the first fire, shot his antagonist dead. This happened in France, where he had attended his mistress in the troubles.

He was again taken prisoner by a Turkish rover, and sold in Barbary, from whence he escaped, and attended the queen to France till the restoration; when, being supposed privy to the Popish plot, he was

was confined in the Gate-house, Westminster, where he died in the sixty-third year of his age.

C. S.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

NEW APOLOGY FOR GAMESTERS.

IT is a remark of some philosophers, that there is a malignity in human nature, which urges every man to depress him who is already sinking. The Gamester is a character, at which the artillery of the legislature has been long levelled: the practice of his profession has been rendered extremely difficult, and the instruments of it have been destroyed wherever they could be found: he has been persecuted by justices, constables, and runners; he has languished in Newgate, and toiled in Bridewell. Under this accumulated distress, he is not the object of pity but contempt; every mouth is open against him; he is cursed by the mechanic and trader—derided by wits, and hooted by the mob. In defence of this injured character, which I have long borne, and of which I am not yet ashamed, permit me to appear in your Magazine.

In the first place, gentlemen, the gamester is a gentleman; and though he has been insulted by beggars and cits, the polite world is still in his interest, and he has still friends at Westminster, from the grey-headed general, to the beardless senator, with the character of a gentleman; there is but one vice which is now believed to be wholly incompatible; and such is the malice of our enemies, that we have been degraded by the imputation of it, and our ruling passion is said to be avarice.

But, can he be avaricious who trusts his whole property to chance? who immediately circulates what he wins, with a liberality that has been censured by others by profusion? Can avarice be his motive to play, who, with twenty thousand pounds in the funds, sits down with a man whose whole estate he knows to be in his pocket, and to amount to no more than ten pieces? As the love of money appears incontestibly not to govern one of these persons, it cannot be proved to govern the other; the charge of avarice is, indeed, so ridiculous and absurd, that I am ashamed to attempt to confute it.

This charge might with great justice be retorted upon trade; which, when put in competition with gaming, must appear to great disadvantage. Trade has, besides, introduced all the superfluities that enervated and corrupted mankind; trade has even produced opposite evils; it has pampered luxury, and wearied labour, but gaming has done neither.

Trade, indeed, circulates property; but property might, with greater advantage, be circulated by gaming. If it be asked, how the persons employed in this delightful circulation of property, are to be furnished with the necessaries of life when trade is at an end, I answer that the necessaries of life in the estimation of virtue, and the gamester, are few; a sheep skin, a hovel, and a dice-box, would furnish the gamester with sufficient apparel, shelter, and entertainment; and with these he would be as happy as he is now, for he has no power of acquiring happiness that is not exerted in play, and of other happiness he has no conception.

If play was then universally pursued, as at once comprehending all business, and all pleasure, one man might not only grow rich and another poor; but the same person might alternately pass through all the vicissitudes of fortune, while he sat on the ground in the sun, without toiling in the manufactory, or sweating at the forge, without the perplexity

perplexity of accompts, or the perils of a voyage.

If it be again asked, when life is reduced to this state of primitive simplicity, what would be the advantage of wealth? I answer, the same as it is at present to those who possess more than they spend, a consciousness that they are wealthy; and those who are capable of more exalted felicity, would enjoy in the acquisition, the transport of winning, without considering money to have any power, quality, or use, but as a stake.

These, indeed, are Utopian scenes; and I return, with a sigh, to vindicate my profession from other imputations, which are equally false and injurious.

It has been said, that we are strangers to reciprocal felicity, and that the happiness of one gamester is produced by the misery of another; the pains of him who loses being always proportioned to the pleasure of the winner, but this is only the cavil of popular prejudice.

Among other enemies that have been encouraged to fall upon the gamester in his distress, is Bigotry, who accuses us with exercising our employment on a Sunday; but this accusation is the effect of such complicated folly, ignorance, and malice, that it could have no other author. There is, however, another charge, which I shall not obviate as an imputation of prophaneness, but of folly. It is said that we utter the most horrid oaths and imprecations; that we invoke beings whom we do not believe to exist; and denounce curses that cannot be fulfilled. This has indeed been practised in our assemblies, but by those only who are novices in the profession; for among other advantages that arise from gaming, is such a silent acquiescence in the will of fortune, as would do honour to a Stoic; or, at least, a calm philosophical immutability of countenance, by which all that passes in the bosom is concealed.

If, by your communication of these hints, the clamours of slander shall be silenced, and the true character of a gamester shall be more generally known, I have secrets which may be communicated *entre nous*; and the next dead set, (you understand me) I am a man of honour, and you may command,

Gentlemen,

Your's, &c.

CHAS. COGDIE.

JOCKEYSHIP OF STAGE COACHMEN, LAW QUIRKS, &c.

LOGICIANS hold, that the minor is included in the major; our legislators, in forming the hackney coach laws, have determined the contrary. The fare of a coach from any of the inns of court to Westminster Hall is one shilling, and four barristers or attornies may be transferred from Gray's or Thavies inn, to that place, for threepence each: but should those worthies attempt to convey their corporas from Gray's inn lane to Great George street, Mr. Jehu the coachman, would levy eighteen-pence on them. The reason the gentlemen of the long robe, in forming these fares, took care to fix such as particularly regarded themselves at a low price, were specified in the body of the act of parliament; all other distances are determined by mensuration.

A coachman is liable to punishment for not having a check-string, but it was not till long after that regulation that the law obliged him to take hold of it. A coachman may likewise have, with impunity, broken windows, that admit the wintry blast into the neck of an invalid, or a step insufficient to support the weight of a corpulent man, and

and liable, by breaking, to fracture a leg or a thigh.

If the hackney coaches are thus badly regulated, how much worse are those travelling the short stages, near the metropolis, who are neither by law or interest subject to any regulations at all. The coachman, more absolute than the Grand Turk, thrusts into his coach as much live lumber as it will hold, and at his discretion loads the outside till the centre of gravity rises so high as to make the coach liable to overset on the slightest ground; and thus critically balanced, so as to require the utmost caution and attention, if that great man chuses to get almost blind drunk, who shall prevent him? or if, in consequence of such drunkenness he breaks the legs and arms of half a score passengers, how is he to be punished? and indeed what recompence will it be to the sufferers, supposing he was? It would be much better to prevent the accident.

Some years ago, two or three fusty old country gentlemen, who absurdly conceived it improper that a stage coahman should, without their consent, risk the limbs and lives of a score of his Majesty's liege subjects at his will and pleasure, and for his profit, brought a bill into parliament, for restraining, in some measure, the power and avarice of that mighty man of the whip: it was thrown out by a great majority. What signifies it, how many of the canaille are crippled? no gentleman rides in a stage-coach. Besides the usual passengers conveyed in these vehicles, the coachman ekes out his profits by carrying down, in a hamper, the body of some executed criminal, for the use of young surgeons of the village; a felon from Newgate, under the escort of a couple of thief-takers, to his trial at Kingston, Croydon, or some of the neighbouring assizes; or an inoculated patient, covered with pustules or scabs. It signifies nothing to object: from the authority of the coachman there is no appeal.

I have heard of an itinerant showman, who conveyed a sick tyger cat as an inside passenger in the stage-coach from Conway to Holyhead, but this was done with the consent of the passengers, fraudulently obtained for the said tyger cat, under the denomination of Miss Jenny. I shall not insist on it as an instance against the driver.

In long stages the tyranny of the coachman shews itself in different instances. First; in setting off if a passenger, who has paid earnest, is not at the inn precisely to the moment, Mr. Coachman frequently takes it in his head to drive off, and leave him behind; but if an outside passenger, a servant at the inn, or any such important or privileged person chuses to finish his pot or quartern at his leisure, the company are detained half an hour, or more, till it suits him to set off; or, perhaps, if Mr. Coachman having overslept himself in the arms of Betty the chambermaid, is not ready to mount till half an hour after his time, it is all very well; any representations tending to hasten him, are heard with the utmost contempt.

At dinner time, which is generally chosen as soon after and as near the place of breakfasting as possible, no sooner are the passengers set down to their twice roasted leg of mutton, but the coachman attends to inform them he is ready, and, in a few minutes, repeats his summons in a peremptory tone. Notwithstanding this apparent haste he will stop for an hour or two at any of his customary houses of call till he has smoaked a pipe or two, and retailed all the scandal of the neighbouring inns. On changing coachmen, although the bills say nothing

nothing is to be demanded by them, yet if you do not regularly fee them every time, you will be grossly abused by them, without a chance of redress.

A RECENT SPORTING CHARACTER AND HIS BROTHER DESCRIBED.

PRIOR and Posterior are two brothers, who came to London some time ago to seek their fortunes. Their parentage has not been clearly explained. They are both descended from *Information*; but some think they are natural children begotten by one *Curiosity* upon a gossiping female called *News*, who has made a great noise in the world. Be this as it may, they are of very opposite dispositions, and yet engaged in the same way of business, being editors to newspapers.

Prior, who, notwithstanding his name, is by much the youngest of the two, is remarkable for the fertility of his fancy. Posterior is a plain matter-of-fact man. The former is so eager to give information that he will make news rather than seem barren; the latter never advances any thing but upon sure grounds, and therefore has very improperly been considered as of a reserved disposition. Prior, it is frequently proved, will stick at nothing to make out a good story. Posterior, more cautious and leisurely, is perpetually waiting for facts and proofs. For this reason, the judicious part of the public allow, that although Prior is the cleverest fellow of the two, the other is most to be depended upon.

This opinion of Prior's cleverness arises from his often being actually in the right without knowing it; for having always a cargo of conjectures and inventions of magination on hand, it so happens that he stumbles upon truth without the smallest intention, or any thing to assist him, except his wishes. His brother, on the contrary, confining himself only to what he is certain of, and can be proved, has none of that communicative disposition; and consequently, however he may please the lovers of truth, is very unpopular with a more numerous class, who are all impatience for news, and had rather get hold of a falsehood, than have nothing at all to talk about.

It may be supposed from this, that the character of the two brothers, as to the point of honour, is materially different, and such is the case. Posterior values himself on never deceiving the public, when he *does* positively make an assertion, and glories in the reflection that no person can impeach his veracity. But Prior cares so little for delicate sentiments of this kind, that he had as lief contradict himself, as any body else; and, in fact, does this so frequently, that if he were not in high favour with the public, for his readiness to say something, rather than keep silence, he would be totally disbelieved. The truth is, and it is a lamentable truth, that in these two brothers we have an example of the improper judgments which the public form of men's characters. Every body admires the ingenuity and ready invention, the plausible conjectures and dashing assertions of Prior, while the judicious few only respect the cautious prudence, and strict adhervece to truth and real information, which distinguish his brother.

Knowledge is so highly valuable, that even pretences to it are received with all the honours due to the thing itself. Prior, therefore, passes with many as a well-informed man, as one who has the best sources of intelligence, and, what is particularly valuable, as one who is *in the secret*; while Posterior's hesitating way, and care not to be too positive,

positive, or risk contradiction, makes him pass for a fellow who knows nothing, or, what is still worse and absolutely unpardonable, who knows nothing till every body else knows the same. Hence there is no curiosity that Prior cannot gratify, no hopes so sanguine as that he cannot fulfil them; no schemes too vast for his immediate grasp. He is never conversant in what has happened, but in what may happen, and his talent at conjecture is as great as conjecture can go; while his rival trusts nothing to imagination, allows not the smallest scope to fancy; and, in a word, will aver nothing which is unaccompanied with evident proofs.

Notwithstanding the superior ingenuity of this Mr. Prior, it may be supposed that he now and then gets into scrapes, which his more guarded and cautious brother avoids; and this, indeed, is so frequently the case, that were it not for the greediness of the public, and their preference of quantity to quality, he would long ere now have been destitute of bread to eat. He will sometimes bring a fleet victoriously into an inland town; while he makes two mighty armies engage in the middle of the ocean. It is no uncommon thing for him to mistake a mountain for a man; and I remember on a recent occasion, while the enemy were retreating, he pursued them with two *villages*, which he understood to be Austrian Generals. He has often sent his readers to the map to look for a windmill; and speaks of the fortifications of a church with as much terrific accuracy as he would describe the outworks of Mantua or Gibraltar. Indeed, the latter reminds me of a pleasant letter he once published, as part of a *private correspondence* from one *Gabriel Tar*, whom he represented as a petty officer of marines, but a man of veracity* !

* This actually occurred in the last war.

And this by the way, leads me to another circumstance in which Mr. Prior has greatly the advantage of his rival, in the article of *correspondence*. There is no part of the world in which he has not a correspondent; and although he omits such trifling circumstances as *names*, *dates*, and *places*, every thing else is given with a wonderful precision. Nay, he sometimes offers to shew the *originals*, which I believe he can do with a very safe conscience.

From what I have said of this ingenious and omniscient gentleman, it may easily be comprehended why he is more a favourite with the public than Mr. Posterior. The latter, indeed, flatters no party, nor accommodates his communications to the wishes of his readers; a circumstance which, in these days, must render any man unpopular. Truth itself, I am sorry to say, is not so highly prized as it ought to be. Some continue very ingeniously to do without it, and others very spiritedly to go against it, and this Mr. Prior knows, and knows how to act accordingly, so as to please his customers.

I have only to add to the present sketch, that this lively gentleman is supposed to be in high favour on the Stock Exchange; and there are some who do not scruple to say that he is not such a *hater* of the *enemy*, as he is a *lover* of the *omnium*; and that four thousand *killed*, four thousand *wounded*, and four thousand *taken*, are merely so many sums he risks in the *threes*, the *fours*, and the *fives*. But this is a mystery into which I have no inclination to penetrate, and shall be happy if, by contrasting the characters of the two brothers, I may succeed in rectifying the opinions of any of your readers, and guarding them against deception.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE FOREST OF TOURAINE.

GREGORY, of Tours, relates, that in 580, as King Gontrand was hunting in this forest, being weary, he fell asleep by the side of a brook; and as he supported his head upon the bosom of his esquire, the latter saw a small white reptile creep out of the King's mouth, remarkably splendid, and beautiful in its appearance, and which running about the sides of the rivulet, made the esquire suppose its wish was to cross it; he therefore stretched out his sword to serve as a bridge for it to pass over. Immediately after, he saw it enter into a cavity in a mountain, from whence it returned, again repassed the stream upon the sword of the esquire, and to his great astonishment re-entered the mouth of the king, who, as he immediately awakened, testified much uneasiness upon being disturbed.—I was dreaming, said his Majesty, that I had just entered a cavern, where a great treasure was concealed.—Upon which, the esquire relating what had passed during his Majesty's sleep, the latter caused the mountain to be opened, and found, says the Legend, as the dream had intimated, an immense treasure of gold and silver, with which he founded a monastery near the spot.

THE DEATH OF A GOOSE.

FROM IRVYN'S TRAVELS IN ARABIA.

WE saw flocks of wild geese, which rose before us. The death of one of the latter, which an Arab levelled at, to shew his skill in hitting such a mark with a single ball, produced a circumstance equally new and astonishing; though the force of connubial affection pervades every species of the creation, by the wise dispensations of the deity.

The remainder of the birds took flight at the report of the piece; but one immediately returned to his dead companion, and by pecking and cackling, seemed to invite her to accompany him to avoid the danger.

The unfeeling Arabs no sooner beheld this sight, by which no other heart than their own could have remained untouched, than they levelled their pieces successively, and fired at the unhappy bird.

We called out to forbid this cruelty, but in vain; and though the shots were so well made that some struck the dead fowl, and others grazed the plumage of the living one, he was no otherwise interrupted in his perilous avocation, than in rising a few yards at each shot, and lighting directly near the object of his concern, with redoubled cries.

The scene became really affecting; and perceiving the Arabs coolly reloading their muskets, we rode up at a full gallop to the spot, and by taking up the game, effectually scared away the intended victim of wanton barbarity.

AFFAIR BETWEEN SIR J. ORDE, AND LORD ST. VINCENT.

SOME erroneous accounts having appeared relative to the manner in which the late affair between Earl St. Vincent and Sir John Orde, was terminated, we think it proper to insert the following statement, which we have from authority:—

On Friday, the 1st, in the morning, about three o'clock, Mr. Ford received information, that a meeting was to take place on that day, between Earl St. Vincent and Sir

 John

John Orde. Fortunately it was known that Sir John Orde was then at Durant's hotel in Jermyn-street. The magistrate, therefore, attended by Townsend, immediately went there, and put the Baronet under an arrest. Means were next taken to ascertain where Earl St. Vincent then was; and it being soon known, that his Lordship was at his seat in Essex, Mr. Ford, after having admitted Sir John to bail, (two private friends becoming his sureties), sat off to take the proper measures with respect to his Lordship, whom he found indisposed in bed. On the nature of the visit being explained, his Lordship sent for two neighbouring gentlemen, who readily became sureties for him. The utmost attention was, throughout the whole of this transaction, paid to the parties concerned, neither of the gentlemen being removed from the places at which they were respectively arrested, Mr. Ford attending for the express purpose of receiving their bail, without putting them to the inconvenience of the usual forms.

FATAL DUEL.

A Few days after the above a duel was fought in a field adjoining Haverfordwest, between two youths under twenty-five years of age, the one an articled clerk to an attorney, and the other a tanner's son of that place. Unfortunately the latter was mortally wounded, and expired the next morning, leaving his disconsolate family in a situation bordering ing on madness.

The seconds and surviving party have fled, and have not since been heard of.

This was the second affair in which the tanner's son had been engaged within a short time.

SINGULAR CUSTOM AMONG THE COSSACKS.

WHEN they find themselves indisposed, they open a vein of a horse, drink the blood hot, and fatigue themselves as much as possible by galloping. If any one is so weak that he cannot use this exercise, two of his companions get on horseback, and holding him each by an arm, make him ride on full speed as long as he can bear the fatigue.

There are few common ailments which they do not actually cure, or believe they cure, by this remedy. —M. Polignac informs us, that when Charles XII. was at Bender, the Swedes of his retinue having neither surgeons nor physicians to attend them in their illness, made use of this method, and were all cured by it.

MIRTH IN MISERY.

A Letter from George Alexander Stevens, to Dr. Miller, of Doncaster.

DEAR SIR, *Yarmouth Gaol.*

WHEN I parted from you at Doncaster, I imagined, long before this, to have met with some oddities worth acquainting you with. It is grown a fashion of late to write lives. I have now, and for a long time have had, leisure enough to write mine, but want materials for the latter part of it; for my existence now cannot properly be called living, but what the painters term still life; having since February 13th, been confined in this town gaol for a London debt.—As a hunted deer is always shunned by the happier herd, so am I deserted by the company, my share taken off, and no support left me, save what my wife can spare me out of her's.

"Deserted,

" Deserted, at my utmost need,
" By those my former bounty fed."

With an œconomy, which till now I was a stranger to, I have made shift hitherto to victual my little garrison; but then it has been with the aid of my good friends and allies—my clothes. This week's eating finishes my last waistcoat, and next I must atone for my errors on bread and water.

Themistocles had so many towns to furnish his table; and a whole city bore the charge of his meals.—In some respects I am like him, for I am furnished by the labours of a multitude. A wig has fed me two days; the trimmings of a waistcoat as long; a pair of velvet breeches paid my washer-woman, and a ruffled shirt has found me in shaving; my coats I swallowed by degrees—the sleeves I breakfasted on for weeks—the body, skirts, &c. served me for dinner two months; my silk stockings have paid my lodgings, and two pair of new pumps enabled me to smoke several pipes.—It is incredible how my appetite (barometer like) rises, in proportion as my necessities make their terrible advances. I here could say something droll about a stomach; but it is ill jesting with edge-tools, and I am sure that's the sharpest thing about me. You may think I can have no sense of my condition, that while I am thus wretched, I should offer at ridicule; but Sir, people constituted like me, with a disproportionate levity of spirits, are always most merry when they are most miserable, and quicken like the eyes of the consumptive, which are always brightest the nearer a patient approaches to dissolution.—However, Sir, to shew you that I am not entirely lost to all reflection, I think myself poor enough to want a favour, and humble enough to ask it. Here, Sir, I might make an encomium on your good nature and humanity, &c. but I shall not pay so bad a compliment to your understanding, as to endeavour, by a parade of phrases, to win it over to my interest. If you could, any night, at a concert, make a small collection for me, it might be a means of obtaining my liberty; and you well know, Sir, the first people of rank abroad will perform the most friendly offices for the sick: be not therefore offended at the request of a poor (though a deservedly) punished debtor.

G. A. S.

DISTURBANCE AT THE CIRCUS.

On Tuesday evening, October 8, a circumstance occurred at this place of entertainment, which might have been attended with consequences of the most serious nature, but which, happily, was productive of nothing more than a temporary alarm, and the loss of a few caps, cloaks, and shoes, and the demolition of several of the chandeliers.

The performances of the evening were for the benefit of Mr. Sanderson, and the theatre and area were extremely crowded. Previous to the commencement of the pantomime, a quarrel took place between two persons in the gallery, who exchanged blows; and a number of persons rising from their seats, exclaimed, "A fight, a fight!"—This was interpreted by the people below, into an exclamation of "Fire! fire!" The confusion, as may naturally be supposed, became in an instant general. Every one endeavoured to escape the fury of an element by which they expected immediately to be devoured; the women screamed, and flew in all directions—all that were able to reach the doors rushed out—hats, wigs, cloaks, bonnets, and shoes, strewed the ground. Some dropped from the gallery into the area, —while

while others in the pit and boxes sought their safety by climbing to the galleries. The *Dram: Perʃ.* as *Sylveſter Daggerwood* would call them, were dreſſing for the pantomime. Their conſternation may be better imagined, than deſcribed; they ruſhed towards the ſtage with whatever cloaths they could firſt lay their hands on. *Harlequin* had taken up *Columbine's* petticoats, and thrown over him, while *Columbine*, inſtead of an handkerchief, had put on the *Conjuror's* breeches. Many of the other characters appeared with ſcarce any dreſs on at all — When the tumult had continued a ſhort time, the miſtake was diſcovered, and the company diſmiſſing their fears, returned to their ſeats, and after an interval of about half an hour, the pantomime commenced, and well repaid them for the terror they had undergone.— The only circumſtance that had nearly been attended with fatal conſequences, was that of a child, who had ruſhed out of the gallery to the balcony fronting the road; in its fright it leaped down—fortunately, a perſon beneath ſaw the danger it was in, and caught it in his arms, without its having ſuſtained the leaſt injury. When quiet was reſtored, Mr. Wallack came forward, and offered a reward of twenty guineas to any one who would diſcover the perſons who had called out fire! but they were not pointed out.

A ludicrous incident took place, which ſerved to entertain the company when they had returned to their ſeats:—A lady attempting to get over the front box, her under petticoat was caught hold of by a nail which projected from the box, and unable to extricate herſelf one way or the other, ſhe remained in a ſituation, at which it was impoſſible to repreſs laughter.

Thus ended a diſturbance which has been much exaggerated; yet which, we can aſſure the public, was attended with no other conſequences than thoſe we have enumerated.

THE POPE AND THE PONEY.

A LAMENTABLE, YET TRUE STORY.

MR. EDITOR,

THE Abbe Barruel, from whom *we* derive all our religion, and who has taught us to be reconciled to Popery, and make an honeſt woman of the W—e of Babylon, has collected together ſo many *cauſes* for the late revolutions in Europe, that it would be a cruel inſult to the patience of the public to aſſign one more, were it not that *that one* happens to be worth all the reſt. The Abbe talks big of plots and conſpiracies, philoſophers, illuminators, and every ſpecies of intrigue tending to overthrow the *Holy See*, but his reverend worſhip is quite miſtaken—

It was all done by a *poney*; and I'll tell you the ſtory:

It was the cuſtom on the eve of the day of St. Peter and St. Paul to preſent a *white poney* in great pomp to the Pope, which was the homage the king of Naples paid to the See of Rome. The late Pius had received the *poney* in due form for his firſt two years. In 1777 the *poney* came with theſe words, "As a teſtimony only of the devotion of the court of Naples to St. Peter and St. Paul; juſt as if *dead Saints* were to be mounted on *white ponies*. But the Pope, not willing to loſe the compliment, replied—"We accept the *poney* as a feudal homage of the crown of Naples."

Well, Sir,—the next year the *poney* appeared with the ſame words; and with great difficulty the court of Naples was induced to ſend another in the year 1780. Great reforms were now in agitation; but a recon-

a reconciliation was adjusted between the two parties. The *poney* was sent in 1781, and the mendicant friars were reduced from 16,000 to 2800. Did you ever know such a *poney*?

Every year in the same manner the *poney* was the subject of renewed alarm:—the court of Naples continued the suppression of monasteries, and destroyed the *inquisition!*—still the *poney* trotted to Rome till the year 1788. In that year no *poney* appeared; and none has appeared since.

But, let us hope for better times—for the restoration of all things; of popes and of ponies—of popes to whom homage is paid by ponies, and of kings who will not refuse to prop the holy see by a poney, even if they should have the trouble of sending to Shetland for it.

DECSRIPTION OF THE FETE GIVEN BY PRINCE LEOPOLD.

ON the 3d of September, 1799, a fête was given at their Sicilian majesties palace in Palermo, by their youngest son prince Leopold, to celebrate the recovery of the kingdom of Naples. Invitations were sent to the ladies and gentlemen belonging to the court, the foreign ministers, with those of their nation whom they were to introduce; the admirals of the British, Turkish, and Russian squadrons, with their officers, and a few of the principal nobility of Naples and Palermo.

Their majesties received the company, and the young prince, who is an amiable child of nine years of age, and educated for the navy, did the honours of the evening in his midshipman's uniform: the three princesses and the consort of the hereditary prince were dressed in white, each with a garland of laurel hanging over her shoulder, a wreath of laurel round her head, with a diadem, on which was embroidered "Long live the king and queen;" and each wore round her neck some ornament allusive to Lord Nelson and his victories.

The entertainment began with a magnificent fire-work in the garden of the palace, allotted for the amusement of the prince and princesses.—It represented the English and French fleets at Aboukir, the ever memorable battle of the Nile, and the total defeat of the enemy's ships, concluding with the blowing up of L'Orient, and burning of the three coloured flag, which had an excellent effect. The queen during this time stood at a balcony with Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson, and the Russian and Turkish admirals.—Lord Nelson wore the sword, richly ornamented with diamonds, which was presented to him by his Sicilian majesty, as a pledge of the preservation of his kingdoms; and Lady Hamilton had round her neck a superb medallion of the king, and a portrait of the queen, given on the same occasion.

By a singular concurrence of events, it happened to be the anniversary of the day on which arrived at Naples the first news of Lord Nelson's victory; the queen took notice of this circumstance, and turning to Cadir Bey, the Turkish Admiral, who seemed highly delighted, said, "On this day last year we received from Lady Hamilton intelligence of this great man's victory, which not only saved your country and ours, but all Europe."

After the fire-works, Prince Leopold announced to their majesties and to the company, that a cantata was to be performed, on which the royal family took their places, and the prince distributed books of the cantata, which was entitled *La Concordia Felice*, "happy concord;" the

the words by Don Gieuseppe Poli, a gentleman employed in the education of the royal children, and the music by Dr. Francisco Peticchio. It expressed the union of Parthenope and Palermo, the public joy for the delivery of the two kingdoms, loyal wishes for the prosperity of their majesties and the royal family, and for that of Lord Nelson, expressed by the following lines :

" Long live the British hero !
" Long live great NELSON !
" It is he that drove far from us all affic-
" tion —
" It is he who gave peace to our troubled
" hearts."

The cantata finished with a grand chorus, expressive of praise and gratitude towards the allies.

Ices and sweetmeats were then served, and the queen conducted the company into the garden, in which, beautifully illuminated on each side, was a pavilion ; one dedicated to the English and Portuguese, the other to the Turks and Russians, ornamented with their respective flags, and with transparent inscriptions : opposite to the entrance, in the most conspicuous situation, appeared, magnificently illuminated, an elegant temple of Grecian architecture. In the vestibule, supported by columns, and ascended by a flight of steps, were seen three figures, representing Lord Nelson, Sir William and Lady Hamilton ; they were as large as life. That of his Lordship, in the middle, dressed in his naval uniform ; on one side, Sir William in the Windsor uniform, and on the other, her Ladyship, dressed in white, with a blue shawl, on which were embroidered, in letters of gold, the names of all the captains who shared the honours of the memorable 1st of August, and with a garland of laurel, like those of the princesses. In the interior of the temple was an altar, with the figure of Glory, characteristically habited, and over the frontispiece that of his Sicilian majesty, in a triumphal car, with the transparent inscription of "Rule Britannia," "Britannia Rule the Waves," in large letters round the temple.

As soon as the company entered the garden, a band of musicians played and sung "God save the King," in English, whilst her majesty advanced towards the temple with Lord Nelson, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, followed by the royal family, the Turkish and Russian admirals, the Imperial Ambassador, the Russian Ambassador and his lady, &c. &c. Her majesty and the company stopped when they arrived at the temple, and the king and queen both said, that all was an inadequate tribute of gratitude to the friends who had saved their kingdoms and their family, but that it must be excused as the performance of a child. The four princesses then ranged themselves at the foot of the steps as priestesses of the temple, and the young prince ascending, placed a crown of laurel on the head of the figure representing Lord Nelson, while the music played "Rule Britannia." This was a moment equally sublime and pathetic, a general silence pervaded the assembly, when Lord Nelson ran up and attempted to kiss the hand of the young prince, who threw his arms around his neck, and tenderly embraced him. The temple was soon filled with groupes of different nations, all dressed to the highest advantage, amongst which the picturesque appearance of the Turks was uncommonly pleasing, and nothing could be more grateful to a British heart, than to hear the praises of the hero of the Nile, of the respectable representative of our royal master, and of his attractive and amiable wife, uttered in so many various languages, and in a temple

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CUDGEL-PLAYING

ple raised by the gratitude of an august and interesting family, saved from impending ruin by their exertions.

From the temple, the queen led the company round the garden, to observe the various inscriptions destined to record the praises of those individuals who more particularly contributed to the taking the forts and castles of the kingdom of Naples. There was one in honour of Sir William and Lady Hamilton; one for the Portuguese Admiral, Marquis de Niza; one for the intrepid Trowbridge, "bold in action, wise and firm in council:" others for Captains Hallowell, Foote, &c. and one to commemorate the services of Captain Milbank, who lost his life at the attack of St. Elmo.

Ices and different kinds of refreshments were distributed under tents in one of the walks of the garden, and the company retired about twelve at night.

Translation of a Sonnet by Dr. Francisco Póli, distributed with the Cantata, at the Fete of Prince Leopold.

TO LORD NELSON, DUKE OF BRONTE,

CROWNED IN THE TEMPLE OF GLORY.

Intrepid warrior, valiant, great, and brave,
Pride of unconquer'd Thames, thy country's grace,
Terror of hostile squadrons, whom pale Death
Could ne'er appal! thou first of Nature's works!
See, glory waits thee! not with empty pomp,
Purple and gold, from erring Fortune's hand
To thee presenting, but sets wide the gates
Of yon eternal temple, where a crown
Of never-fading laurel decks thy brow;
Nations oppress'd and vilified, by thee
See every wrong and every shame reveng'd
With that dire bolt by dreaded Bronte forg'd,
When wrathful Jove ordains the fall of guilt:
What recompence can match thy wond'rous worth?
Nought but the wreath which Glory's hand prepares,
And deathless Fame, resplendent like thy deeds.

CUDGEL PLAYING.

[*An Etching by Mr. Howitt.*]

THE Etching which ornaments the present Number, is the second of RURAL SPORTS—*Cudgel Playing.* Of this athletic exercise, we hope, in a future Number, to give the history; some of our correspondents in the Western counties are well acquainted with it, and from them we solicit particulars.

THE TRIAL OF MAJOR ARMSTRONG.

[Concluded from page 317, Vol XIV.]

IN last month's Magazine, Major Armstrong's defence being concluded, evidence were called to in his behalf; at the conclusion of their testimony, the Major again addressed the Court as follows—

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Court,

The patient, candid and indulgent manner in which I have had the honour to be attended to, throughout the whole of my defence, calls upon me at the conclusion of it, to return my warmest acknowledgments to *you* Sir, and to every individual member of this respectable court.

When I say, that I look confidently to you for a removal of the most foul imputation which can be cast upon the character of any officer, and that I feel gratified in thus having my life and honour entrusted to you, I hope I shall not be thought presumptuous or unwarrantably secure. I only give ex-

pression to impulse of the wounded innocence, and I am certain I utter its dictates in the hearing of men and officers, who know of how delicate a texture military reputation is composed; who feel, that, like woman's chastity, it ought not *even* to be suspected, and will consequently judge me as they would be judged themselves.

The unfortunate situation into which I have been brought, not by any misconduct of my own, but through the ungarded levity, to use no harsher term, of a prosecutor, who was only a subordinate comrade in the expedition, and who has been driven to the ungracious alternative of endeavouring to criminate a man with whom he acknowledges to have had no previous acquaintance, and against whom he has not even insinuated one instance of former misbehaviour. This unfortunate situation, gentlemen, is of so melancholy a nature, that however honourably I may stand acquitted in your judgment, and however unsullied I may feel within myself, no investigation can ever tear from my mind the inveterate sting of so foul an accusation.

Embittered as many an hour must be during the remainder of my life, by this unmeritted attack, after upwards of twenty years almost uninterrupted service in every quarter of the globe, I shall always derive comfort and consolation when I reflect, that my life, and what is dearer to me than my life, that my honour as an officer, and my character as a man, have been thoroughly scrutinized, seen and spoken to by persons of unblemished reputation, and that the final issue of this enquiry rests with a court composed of gentlemen, who are alive to the slightest whisper of undeserved slander and defamation,

The evidence which I have brought before you, gentlemen, has been chiefly selected from characters that are equally tenacious of military fame. The concurrent testimony of the soldiery, though made known to you through the channel of hearsay declaration, will, I am persuaded, have its proper weight. Nevertheless, I think it necessary to state, from the respect and deference which I feel for every act of his most gracious majesty, that when I asked, in the course of my examination, whether the aggregate body of the 11th regiment, now in France, did not express a wish to send a memorial in my favour, on *its being reported, that the next step to promotion had gone out of the regiment*; I merely wished to convey, that the soldiers in general, (and soldiers, gentlemen well know if an officer misbehave in the face of an enemy) considering that circumstance as a mark of disapprobation towards me, were anxious to bear testimony to my behaviour on the 20th of May. I am sensible that no such mark was intended, because General Coote's letter, which I now deliver for your consideration, expresly states, that he was ignorant of the appointment having taken place, when he transmitted his official dispatches to England, viz.

Dover, Dec. 9th, 1798.

DEAR SIR,

Upon my return to Dover last night, I found your letter of the 5th instant, with its inclosure, and for which I am much obliged.

I hope the memorial that you propose to present to his Royal Highness the commander in chief will have the effect you wish.

With respect to the promotion of the 11th regiment to which you allude, it was given to Lieutenant Colonel Donkin long before any letter or dispatch of mine reached England. I was debarred by the French sending any account of the expedition until the month of July.

You

You will have the goodneſs to acquaint Lieutenant Hely, that I named him to the commander in chief, as the ſon of Colonel Hely, who was killed, in hopes ſomething might be done for him. I ſincerely congratulate you on your return to England. And have the honour to be, dear Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

EYRE COOTE.

Maj. Armſtrong, 11th Reg. Colcheſter, Eſſex.

I have taken the liberty to offer this explanation merely to convince this honourable court that the circumſtance was mentioned by me as relevant only to my defence, and as a proof that I could not have acted improperly in the field of battle, without being followed by the cenſure of thoſe men who were immediate witneſſes to every part of my conduct.

With regard to Major-General Coote's aſſertion, *that he does not recollect to have ſeen me during the whole of the buſineſs of the 20th of May*, I can only ſay, (what has already been poſitively ſworn to by ſeveral of my witneſſes) that I can give my honour, and if required, I will confirm it by an oath* in your preſence, that during the action, on the morning of the 20th of May, General Coote did twice come to my poſt, and did give me two ſeparate orders reſpecting the picquets of the 11th regiment, one regarding that which was commanded by Captain Martin, and which had got between our own and the enemy's fire; the other relative to Colonel Hely, who was at ſome diſtance, with a ſmall detachment from the main body of the regiment. His words on the latter occaſion are already on your minutes, and need no further illuſtration. In leſs than an hour after, when the picquets on the left were driven in, he came up to my poſt, and gave me orders *in perſon*, to ſtop, or hinder the men from forcing their way into the redoubt, where I was originally ſtationed. I have again to lament, gentlemen, that I could not bring theſe circumſtances to General Coote's recollection.

I ſhall make no obſervations on the cutting expreſſion which my proſecutor has thought proper to make, with regard to the daſtardly ſituation in which he has been pleaſed to ſay that he ſaw me on that day. The abſence of ſeveral officers of approved character and courage, and who are high in his Majeſty's ſervice, might refute this aſperſion, were they in England, or within the reach of application. Thankful as I am to thoſe gentlemen who have voluntarily ſtepped forward in my behalf, I wiſh it nevertheleſs to be underſtood by *you*, gentlemen, that I do not reſt my hopes of acquittal upon the ground of character, or upon inſtances of good conduct, that are out of the preſent caſe. I rely upon the ſolidity of the evidence which I have adduced, and upon the judgment of every member of this honourable court. If there are parents among you, gentlemen, you will feel for the ſituation of a man, who, under the fulleſt conviction of his innocence, has for ſeveral months been ſubjected to bear, not only the taunts and whiſpers of the world, but, what is more excruciating, who has been reduced to the neceſſity of ſharing the anxieties of a wife and an infant family, becauſe he could not obtain, what his proſecutor has at length been reluctantly obliged to bring forward! I acquit him of malice in the act, and I moſt heartily forgive him the pain and grief which an unprotected family, left at a public inn, have experienced, and ſtill ſuffer from this enquiry, that has been long courted by myſelf, and is now finally brought to iſſue.

* The Court did not think it neceſſary to put the defendant to his oath.

He, as well as myself, gentlemen, is in a situation to be exposed to domestic sorrows. This appeal therefore to your feelings, will not escape the inward monitor of his own conscience. God send that he may never experience the accumulated cares which have been brought upon me!

This, gentlemen, is the plain unvarnished tale of conscious innocence; this is the language of a simple soldier, whose honour, for the first time in his life, stands impeached. I leave it, as I have already expressed myself, in the hands of officers who know of how delicate a texture military reputation is composed, who feel, that like the chastity of a woman, it ought not even to be suspected, and will consequently judge me by the same measure that they would be judged themselves.

ANDREW ARMSTRONG,
Major 11th Foot.

ACCOUNT OF DOVER RACES.

DOVER, TUESDAY, OCT. 6.

THE annual races here commenced in the Priory field.

In the forenoon a saddle, bridle, and whip, was run for by horses, &c. that had never started for 10l. nor won 5l. which was won by Mr. Mitton's bay gelding, beating four others.

In the afternoon a silver cup of 12l. value, carrying weight for inches, was won by Mr. Collett's ch. horse by Saltram, beating Mr. Phipp's bay, and Mr. Welch's roan mare.—The contest lay between Mr. Collett's and Mr. Phipp's mare, and afforded an excellent race.

Wednesday, in the forenoon, a saddle, bridle, and whip, was run for by mares, on the same conditions as that on the preceding day; which was won by Mr. Crosier black cropt mare.

In the afternoon a cup of 12l. was won by Mr. Mitton's bay gelding, beating Mr. Welch's roan mare, and Mr. ——'s bay hunter.

After which, a plate of 3l. was run for by the losing horses on both days, which was won by Mr. Wheatley's gelding Hollowback.—The weather was fine, the course numerously attended, and good sport on both days.

BELLA! BELLA! HORRIDA BELLA.

NOW, when every body is talking about war and killing, may we be permitted to entertain our readers with a poor devil, an unfortunate old fellow, a miserable annuitant, to whom all the world is more or less indebted, and yet whom almost all his debtors, in return for his kindness, are endeavouring to *kill*. Notwithstanding this excess of ingratitude, he is not the less punctual in coming every moment to offer them his services: he asks only to be usefully employed, and instead of exacting a salary, rewards those who employ him with incalculable benefits. It is true, he cannot be happy, except in the midst of a constant activity. He has no greater enemy than idle repose. He then becomes heavy, oppressed with *ennui*, insupportable, and moves slowly forward, although by nature he presents in his course the rapidity of lightning.

Sometimes, however, his patience is tired out, and his vengeance becomes terrible: he brings with him chagrin, misery, infirmities, and premature old age. Such is his ordinary chastisement of those ingrates, who, despising his generous offers, strive only to *kill* him from morning till night.

It is at Paris, above all places, that every one seems to conspire for his

his destruction. Men and women, great and small, old and young, have no other object, no other occupation, but to kill him.

It is to kill him that the youthful beau spends the morning in oiling his titus, combing its curls, and adjusting his cravat. It is to kill him that he incurs immense expence in providing himself with music masters, dancing masters, &c.—It is to kill him that he runs at night from the spectable to the Pavilion d'Hanovre, from the Palais Egalité to the Chaussee d'Antin. It is to kill him that Phrosine, gaping, touches the keys of her piano, examine the title and plates of a new romance, turns over a few of its pages, rings for her maid to enquire what hour it is, though there is a clock over the chimney-piece. It is to kill him that she orders her chariot, and goes to pay a visit to some friends, whom she saw for the first time the night before at a ball. In fine, it is to kill him, that one half of Paris rises, dresses, walks about, eats, drinks, goes to bed, and sleeps.

With all this their efforts are in vain; they cannot kill him. "To kill *Time*, for it is of Time we are speaking, is a serious business," says an English author. They talk of it as an easy matter; but all the labours of Hercules were nothing in comparison. *Time* cannot be destroyed; it may be compared to the Polypus: cut it lengthways, crossways, what way you will, each separate part instantly becomes a whole as complete as before. Thus when you shall have stript *Time* of days, weeks, and years, new days and new years will succeed, and this succession will be immortal. When we meet an adversary too powerful to conquer, it is wise to bring him over to one's interest. Instead then of wishing to *kill Time*, make him your friend; there are a thousand ways of doing it.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

LETTERS from Newmarket early this month, assured us, that the horses were actually in motion, and exercised every day; whence it is conjectured they would take the field at the usual time. A list of the forces were already drawn up by the first Aid-de-camp, the Honourable James Weatherby.

The royal deer turned out on Tuesday, the 22d, was taken near Hatchet-lane, after a chase of two hours and forty minutes. He ran with such swiftness, that had not the yeomen prickers kept a-head of him, half the sportsmen would have been thrown out when he was taken. Lady Lade kept up the whole time—her fleet courser never fails.

Lord Egremont's fox-hounds, on Tuesday, the 15th, threw off near Southwick, unkennelled a fox at Erringham, crossed the water near Shoreham-bridge, and after a circuitous chase of about twenty miles, killed near Bramber Castle.—The Prince, Lord Egremont, and upwards of seventy other sportsmen were in the field. His Royal Highness left Brighton on Wednesday morning.

On the evening of the 18th, was given at the Sun Inn, Newport, in the Isle of Wight, the annual, or hunting club ball; Lord Bolton presided as Comptroller, and Miss Grose, the daughter of Sir Nash Grose, as Lady Patroness. All the beauty and fashion of the island attended.

Sir Harry Vane is still the Suwarrow of the turf; he has recently gained two victories—one in Ireland, the other at Doncaster.

Miss Dykes, of Cumberland, has vowed vengeance against poachers on her premises. Any *unqualified* person trespassing therein, without license, is to be prosecuted with the utmost rigour.

A sport.

A ſporting landholder, deſirous of not deſtroying the harveſt, advertiſes—"I hereby undertake not to ſhoot *myſelf*, nor to ſuffer my gamekeeper," &c. &c.

A FEROCIOUS WOLF.

The central commiſſary in the Lower Alps writes from Digne, that an enraged wolf had attacked ſeveral labourers, women, and travellers, near that place. A ſhepherdeſs had been torn to pieces; a porter had his face dreadfully mangled, an ear torn off, and his aſs deſtroyed; and a woman with her infant had been wounded by this animal. At length it attacked a Mr. Mevolhon, who, aſſiſted by a Frenchman of the name of Imbert, ventured to engage the wolf at cloſe quarters.—Mevolhon threw himſelf on the animal, ſeized him by the jaw, which he continued to hold with ſingular ſtrength and courage, while his companion ſtruck the animal redoubled blows on the head with a large club. The wolf at length diſengaged itſelf from the hold of Mevolhon, and took to flight; but this brave fellow, not ſatisfied with having eſcaped the fury of the animal himſelf, determined to rid his neighbourhood of ſuch a dreadful ſcourge. He purſued, and at length overtook the wolf, ſeized him by the tail, and held him while Imbert diſpatched him.

A Mrs. Catherine Crab, a maiden lady, about twenty-nine years of age, afflicted with a violent chloroſis, being lately adviſed to ride behind a man on a hard trotting horſe, choſe a young fellow, who had been a trooper in the Carabineers, who by his excellent riding, and great attention, wrought ſo far upon her affections, that one morning inſtead of their uſual ride from Richmond to Brentford, they took the road to Gretna Green, where the blackſmith linked them together.

A Pariſian lady, of the name of Labroſſe, lately made the experiment of deſcending from a balloon by a parachute. She aſcended at the garden of Tivoli, and mounted to a great height. She deſcended in perfect ſafety. The ſpectators were very numerous, and felt a great degree of anxiety for the ſucceſs of this raſh attempt.

BOXING.

On the morning of the 19th, about ſix o'clock, a man employed to retail milk in a caravan, about Shoreditch and the City road, for a cow-keeper, whoſe cuſtom from the regular carriers had declined, in conſequence of his raiſing them four-pence a gallon, being ſet upon by a number of women in Old-ſtreet-road, upon whoſe walks he had intruded, one of them, a Welch woman, challenging him to a fair boxing match, he came down, and fought ſeveral rounds with her, to an evident diſadvantage; when giving her what was deemed by the others a foul blow upon the breaſt, the reſt of the women fell upon him, and would certainly have killed him, had he not been reſcued from them by ſome carpenters going to work.—Beſides diminiſhing the number of his cows, ſince the price of milk has been enhanced, this cow-keeper was accuſed of laviſhing an hundred gallons of good milk to feed his hogs.

The following ſtory is told in the German papers with ſingular *naivete*:—"Lately died, at Vienna a perſon who may ſerve as an example of the good effects of *induſtry* and *parſimony*. This was Charles Abraham Wetzlar, Baron of Blankenberg, a *baptized Jew*, who began his career by performing *ſlight of hand tricks*, afterwards became *an under Commiſſary to the ſeven years war*, and ended in the 85th year of his age *as a Baron*."

Dumfries.

Dumfries races commenced on Tuesday se'nnight, when his Majesty's plate of one hundred guineas, granted to the Caledonian hunt, was run for over the course at Tinwald Downs, and won by Mr. M. Adams's ch. c. Mr. Robert, at two heats, beating four others.—They ended on Saturday, after a display of most excellent running during the week, almost every heat each day being keenly contested.—The ordinaries and assemblies were well attended, and on Friday the Galloway hunt gave a ball and supper, which were honoured with much beauty, elegance, and fashion.

Monday, the 30th ult. upwards of 250 brace of fine trout, with other fish, were taken out of the mill-pond at Fletching, Sussex, which had been drained to do some repairs to the mill. It is not often that trout are to be found in a pond, but in this instance it is to be accounted for by the limpid streams that run into it.

A master drover of a herd of Welch cattle, at Lewes, in Sussex, missed from a private pocket in his waistcoat, 300l. in bank notes. After one whole night and day's fruitless search, he at length, when almost exhausted with fatigue and despair, found the notes *sunk into his small cloaths*.

A most beautiful Arabian horse, richly caparisoned, was brought from Portsmouth on Monday, the 20th instant, having been conveyed to England in the Charon frigate, as a present from Sir Sidney Smith to Lady Spencer. The saddle cloths are of crimson satin, embroidered with gold and silver, and trimmed with gold fringe; the stirrups and the bits of the bridle are of solid gold. The animal is one of the finest ever seen.

In the colony of Surinam, we are informed, serpents are found of a very extraordinary length, some of them measuring upwards of thirty feet.

Lately died, at Lynn, in Norfolk, aged seventy-eight, Mrs. Mary Breese, a respectable maiden lady, who never lived out of the parish she was born in, and who was a remarkable sportswoman, and regularly took out her licence, and could boast a superiority over her sex, as being the best shot, and keeping the best greyhounds of any woman in England. At her request, her dogs and favourite mare were killed at her death, and buried in one grave.

FIDELITY OF A SPANIEL DOG.

The following singular circumstance happened in Holland on the 2d instant when the enemy were driven from Camperdown-Hills. It is related by a person who was on the spot.—"I saw a French soldier, one of their infantry, lying dead, having been shot through the breast; a little spaniel, remarkably beautiful, lying by his side. Two of our pioneers coming by, I desired them to take away the dog. It was with difficulty they could catch him, as he ran round about his dead master, and seemed determined not to be separated from him. They at length caught him, and carried him away above half a mile, and quite out of sight of the dead body, but he got from them by a sudden spring, and ran back again. I had the curiosity to return to see his behaviour. I found him taking hold of the soldier's hand, pulling it, and barking incessantly. In this situation I left the poor animal. I was told next morning by a dragoon, who came that way, that after the pioneers had buried his master, he had scratched the sand, and made a hole large enough to hold himself, where he continued howling and mourning for the whole day of the 3d, until one man, more cruel, or more kind (I know not which) than the rest, put an end to his existence, by knocking him on the head with the butt end of his musquet."

A great

A great number of dogs having lately been ſtolen in the country, ſportſmen ſhould not only be very cautious of whom they purchaſe animals of this deſcription, but ſhould likewiſe make a point of ſtopping all ſuſpicious characters offering dogs for ſale, and, if poſſible, bring the guilty to conviction. The very heavy penalties which the rigour of the law inflicts, if put in execution againſt offenders of this ſort, would render an example or two ſufficient to prevent future ſimilar depredations.

ANECDOTE.

At the time that the Britiſh troops were diſembarking at the Helder, a ſailor, animated with that enthuſiaſm which diſtinguiſhes his profeſſion, jumped into one of the boats, and landed with the ſoldiers on the beach. As ſoon as the action commenced, honeſt Jack perceived that he could render but little aſſiſtance, as he was not furniſhed with arms; but on ſeeing a Dutchman fall, he immediately ſeized upon his muſquet and cartouch box, and kept firing on the enemy, till he received a fracture in the leg. The difficulty then was in what manner to retreat, as to *ſplice his timber* required the aſſiſtance of a ſurgeon. By ſingular addreſs, however, Jack got out of this embarraſſment, for taking up another muſquet, he uſed the ſtocks as crutches, and thus found means to hop along the ſpace that was interpoſed between him and the ſhipping.

The will of a Mr. Withipol, recorded in the Prerogative Office, contains the following whimſical paſſage—"I leave to my wife Elizabeth, for her dower, all my lands in —— and —— during her life—which is within little of 200 marks by the year—truſting (yea as I may think aſſuring myſelf) that ſhe will marry no man, for fear to meet with ſo evil an huſband as I have been."

One of the light-fingered gentry having been detected in picking a man's pocket on the Doncaſter courſe, he was inſtantly ſeized by the mob, dragged to the pump at the back of the Grand Stand, and immerſed ſeveral times in the trough; after which he received a moſt ſevere flagellation from the enraged populace, who dealt indiſcriminately their blows with whips and ſticks; and had it not been for the humane interference of a nobleman preſent, who, with the aid of his ſervants, removed him from their mercileſs reſentment, the fellow would not, probably, have eſcaped with his life.

TROTTING MATCH.

On Saturday morning, the 21ſt ult. a trotting match was performed, for a hundred guineas, from Ulverſton to Kendal, and back, (the diſtance forty-two miles) between a mare belonging to a gentleman in Ulverſton, Lancaſhire, and a mare, the property of a gentleman who reſides a few miles out of that town.—The owners rode their own mares. They ſtarted at twenty minutes paſt eight; the former compleated the journey in four hours and three quarters; (the road, it muſt be obſerved, is not the beſt in the world) and the latter returned early the next morning.

The banks in St. James's quarter have been lately reſuming their former occupation; but will probably ſoon ſtop, as bills of indictment have been found at the quarter ſeſſions againſt ſome of their keepers.

It is not generally known, but ought, however, to be attended to, that, by a ſtatute of Queen Anne, whoever ſells any pieces of bone, ivory, &c. with marks ſuited for play, is ſubject to a penalty of five pounds. Upon this ſtatute, a man was lately convicted in Marlborough-ſtreet, for ſelling a *tee-totum*.

At

At the beginning of the last century coaches came into fashion in France, and for some years the whole number in Paris scarcely amounted to a hundred, and they were only used by ladies of the highest distinction. As Paris in 1658 was not properly paved, and the dirt carts were not sufficient for clearing the streets, there was no going abroad but on horseback and booted; and the half-boots and gilded spurs were a long time used in common visits; even those who had neither coach nor saddle-horse, visited in white half-boots. The first coach with glass windows seen at Paris was brought from Brussels in 1660, by the Prince of Conde.

A few weeks since, a woman was taken up in Whitehaven, and committed to the work-house, as a vagrant. She had been employed for some days before as a *fortune-teller*; for which, amongst other qualifications, she was *dumb*. She had a fine little boy with her, about four or five years of age, who said his mammy could not *speak*; but on being asked what she said to him at nights, when no person was near them—he answered, "*She says she will whip me, if I am a bad boy.*"—She was, however, taught to *speak*, on an examination before the magistrates, and sent out of town.—Since then, we hear, she has relapsed into her usual *silence*; and was again quite *dumb*, at Carlisle, last Saturday.

At Mr. Coke's annual visit to Castleacre, Norfolk, we understand the party killed 409 head of game, which was deemed but indifferent sport.

On Monday, the 7th instant, a butcher of Stamford, named Harris, undertook, for a wager, to walk fifty miles in twelve hours, which he performed in three-quarters of an hour less than the time given.

At Catton fair, in Norfolk, on the 17th, there was a very good shew of gingerbread and walnuts. White buttons sold from 8d. to 1s. per lb. Brown ditto, at 9d. and 10d. Parliament cakes rather dull, on account of the adjournment. There was a great demand for drums and trumpets, which, as it was supposed, were bought up for the use of the volunteer corps. Fiddles, on the contrary, were very flat, owing to an advance in the price of rosin. Rattles were never known brisker, and whistles had also a great cry. Crackled pork went off very quick, the demand constantly exceeding the supply; insomuch that the neighbouring farmers all agreed they had brought their hogs to a fine market.

Amongst the wild beasts were five tygers from the Directorial menagerie at Paris; three weeping crocodiles, driven out of Egypt by Buonaparte; two unicorns from Terra Incognita; a red lion from Brentford; and an immense elephant from Cape Horn, by much the largest ever seen alive, *except himself*.

The day concluded with the utmost harmony, nor do we hear of any accidents, eccept those which were occasioned by an overflow of the river *Nog*, by which several unfortunate persons were carried away, and the overturning of a puppet-shew waggon, which dislocated Punch's shoulder, and terribly bruised seven of the first princes in Europe.

Mr. Curwen's hounds cast off on the alternate days with the races of Carlisle, from Barrockside. The sport each day was good, and unattended by any accident.

They must be random shots that wounded all our men in Holland in the *legs* and *thighs*, for the French know John Bull's *tender part* too well not to aim at his *belly*.

FEAST OF WIT,
OR
SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF THE LATE LORD MANSFIELD.

HAVING discharged a coachman, with a written character, stating, that he was a sober man and an excellent coachman, but, that he had discharged him because he suspected that he had cheated him in the horses corn, his lordship was surprized upon meeting his old coachman one day, and finding he had got a place with a respectable merchant in the city.--The man further thanking him for the character he had given him, his lordship observed, that might or might not have operated in his favour.—As for that, replied the coachman, my master liked the two first parts of my character very well; but he did not mind the latter at all, about my cheating your lordship, as he said, "the devil himself could not cheat you!"

SANG-FROID ON A SAILOR.

A maimed tar, *hearing some people* talking of the dexterity and alertness of the French, observed, that he would allow them to be damned clever.—For d'ye see, says he, they have made me a foot shorter, without taking any thing from my height.

A MUSICAL ARMY.

After a battle between the Spaniards and Portuguese, about the conclusion of the last century, the Spaniards who were the victors, found upwards of 30,000 guittars, upon the field of battle.

One of the Irish *soi desant* Commissioners for the sister kingdom, at a late Union Council held there, proposed, that while the English paid a *tenth* on the Income Tax, his countrymen should *only* pay one *fifth*, in consideration of their poverty.

A man at Condover, near Shrewsbury, advertising his runaway wife, thus concludes:—"He will not be answerable for any debts she may contract until she returns to him again, and makes him some acknowledgment for her misconduct."—We are at a loss to know what sort of an *acknowledgment* it should be that would entirely satisfy a man in such a situation!

A NATIVE.

The same *Irish baronet* who lately asserted, that the French *navy* was on its last *legs*, sent a few days since for a farrier to cut the ears of a favourite whelp. As soon as the operation was concluded, Sir Boyle began to storm, and bitterly reproached the farrier for having *cut* one ear *longer* than the other. He farther asserts, that the Dutch *deserters* will prove themselves the most *faithful* subjects of the Prince of Orange. He has since sworn that the Dutch fleet shall never *set a foot* in Holland again.

The magistrates at the country sessions have hit upon a mode of punishment, for attempts by unruly gentlemen on female modesty, which might be found very useful in *Crim. Con.* cases. They order the delinquent to be subsisted very *sparingly* on *bread* and *water*; a regime which has proved efficient in the most violent paroxisms of love.

Great enquiries are daily making for the *Double* of the late Duke of Hamilton. This Gentleman dressed and appeared exactly like his Grace, and was sick or healthy like the Duke. It is feared he has carried the *joke too far*, and is *dead* also.

Sir H. T. Vane is proposing to sell some of his newly acquired Irish estates, though he says it will be much *more valuable* after the *Union.* Did Sir H. ever take two to one, knowing at the time, that by waiting a little longer he would get four?

Some

Some time ago a certain Lord gave a grand gala to the members of the Volunteer Corps in his neighbourhood, all of whom attended in *full uniform*. Among others, his Lordship's *Taylor* was present, and the host came up to him, saying, "My dear Sir, how d'ye do?—I beg your pardon; I forget your name, but I perfectly recollect seeing you somewhere before."—The Taylor was a little confounded by this particular notice, and as the best way of making himself remembered, whispered, "*I made your breeches*."—The Noble Lord thinking the Taylor had informed him of his name, turned round, and took him by the hand, exclaiming—"*Major Bridges*, I am happy to see you!"

The Stadtholder, hearing a certain *French milliner* had a grand magazine of beautiful wares, lately paid her a visit, and demanding to see all her *French goods*, the lady was thrown into the greatest alarm, thinking he was an *Excise Officer!* As such a character she treated him, hiding all her laces, &c.; and it was not till his departure that the mistake was discovered.

A riot and boxing match took place on the night of the 25th at Covent-Garden Theatre. It was occasioned by some *box-lobby loungers*, who exchanged *cards*, but neither *swords* nor *pistols*.

The mode of packing hay for the army, by which two hundred weight is compressed into a truss the size of one, is not altogether a novelty in this country. A *quart* of wine is, by the contrivance of many of our tavern-keepers ingeniously forced into a *pint* bottle.

A lady is celebrated in a morning paper for every qualification which constitutes the charm of polished society, and the model of fashion. In corroboration of this panegyric, it is added, that the lady lately patronised a *pig-race!*

In an old record of the Abbey, at Barking, is an account of the agreement between *Greenland*, the then Vicar, and the Lady Abbess.—Among other stipulations was this, "That if the said Vicar should have any *familiarity* with any one or two of the Nuns, he should (after proper admonition) lose his diet for a week; after a second admonition, forfeit a month's diet; and if he should offend the third time, be excluded the Convent during life—*unless restored by the Lady Abbess' special grace and favour*."—How much cheaper was it in those days to seduce a Nun, than it is now to venture into the Court of King's Bench for a married woman!

At the review of the Newcastle volunteers, on Thursday the 24th instant, by Lieutenant-General Mulgrave, after the first fire on the Sand-hill, a countryman standing by his cart, unused, probably, to the "din of arms," and not expecting so loud a salutation, fell as flat as if he had been actually shot, to the great entertainment of those members of the corps who observed the circumstance; added to which, the ghost-like countenance exhibited by the poor fellow on his resurrection from this "dream of death," contributed not a little to the extravagance of the scene.

Montesquieu, after remarking that the feelings of all northern nations are more blunt than those of people nearer the sun, says, in illustration of his position, that you must flea a Muscovite to make him feel. A wound, therefore, which to an Englishman would be mortal, to a Russian would be only a scratch—another reason why the Russians must be the best soldiers in the world.

A coffin-maker is advertising for business, who declares he never heard any *complaints* of the *durability* of his work.

—— Wynyard

—— Wynyard, Esq. of Gloucestershire, a justice of the peace, and a great sportsman, attending the funeral of his wife, arrayed in all the pomp of woe, and seemingly torpid with sorrow, was suddenly roused from his grief by the starting of a hare, on which, as if forgetting the melancholy business he was about, he immediately threw down his cloak, and other incumbrances and towing * on two greyhounds, the constant attendants on his steps, pursued the game. The hare being killed, he rejoined the procession, which had halted on the occasion, as the bearers had set down the corpse. Come, gentlemen, said he, resuming his melancholy tone, with his sable vestments, in the name of God let us proceed with the remains of my dearest wife, and finish the sorrowful ceremony for which we are met.

A certain bruising parson, of the name of Day, being examined at the Old Bailey, on some point, the counsel, according to the laudable custom of the court, attempted to brow-beat him; "I think you are the bruising parson," said he. "I am," answered the Rev. Divine; "and if you doubt it, and will come out of court, I will give it you under my hand."

One of the provincial papers has a sort of mortuary blunder, as it states that Mr. H——, who died lately at St. Helena, was the only *surviving* son of professor H——, at Aberdeen.

Perhaps it may be an argument in favour of the Union to the Irish, that we are so qualified to *unite* with them in making *bulls*. A periodical publication observes, that several models of *antient* buildings have lately been found in Westminster Abbey, among which is the *New* Church in the Strand.

* Tow, tow, the word used in setting the greyhounds in Gloucestershire.

The French swimmers, who crossed the Limath with their *swords* in their *teeth*, and their *bayonets* in their *hands*, are almost as expert as the Alderman's Lady, who swam lately for a wager at Margate, without *wetting her wig*.

HIBERNIANISM.

An Irish gentleman the other day, in the excess of connubial affection, which he was unable to restrain before company, exclaimed, "Heaven forbid, my dear, that I should ever *live* to see you a *widow*."

A country pedagogue near Kinsale, was sentenced on Saturday to receive two thousand lashes, for endeavouring to persuade some soldiers to take the united Irishman's oath. This was paying him in his own coin with a vengeance.

A NATE BULL.

An Irish Baronet, Sir B— R—, who is just arrived in London, in order to settle the business of the *Union*, has commenced his work by promulgating a few natural *blunders*. Having sent for a shoemaker to order a *larger* shoe for a gouty foot, he complained "that the stupid dog, when he brought his order home, had produced one shoe considerably less than the other!"

A Cantab is employed in compiling a dictionary of the language of the Gypsies, which he conceives resembles that of the Hindoos.

A gentleman in Marshland, on meeting the sexton's wife of the parish of ———, asked her if trade was good? "Nay, I assure you, Sir, (said she) I think this war will ruin us all; for my husband has not buried a *living* soul this six weeks."

The *bishops*, who lately came forward with such laudable zeal for the *preservation* of the *game*, have found the sportsmen not ungrateful.—Their lordships' tables *groan* beneath the weight of presents from the country.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

HENRICI QUINTI LAUDES.

THE PANEGYRIC OF HENRY V.

TRANSLATED BY W. HAMILTON REID, FROM THE LATIN.

OH, Muse benign, attune the ſtring,
While Royal Henry's fame I ſing,
While peace and war aſpir'd,
Now ſweetly let me pour the ſong,
While fame-collecting roll along
His ſplendid deeds admir'd.

By few attended, firſt in arms,
He went in queſt of war's alarms
On Gallia's fruitful ſoil;
Where ſoon he ſaw the battle's tide
O'erwhelm his foes and ruin ride
O'er carnage, blood, and ſpoil.

Now thro' his youthful troop he goes,
To urge them to aſſault their foes,
With face ſerenely bland
He points to honour's trophied reign,
The ſhock of onſet to ſuſtain,
This, undiſmay'd to ſtand.

Altho' upon the ground he lies,
Preſs'd by a crowd of enemies,
Not long his fall's deplor'd;
Again ſuperior flames his creſt,
And with a tenfold fury dreſt,
Appears his conq'ring ſword.

Nor is the hero's courſe confin'd,
To him each Gallic tribe's conſign'd—
Tho' PHILIP's haughty ſon
In vain their hardy ſires aſſail'd,
Yet HENRY over theſe prevail'd,
Of theſe, his laurels won.

The daring conteſt oft renew'd,
The trembling Gauls as oft ſubdu'd,
For lions 'gainſt them ſtood;
Nor chance one vict'ry did ſupply,
As timid hares they ſeem to fly
The monarchs of the wood.

Thus long o'er Gallia's waſted way,
The victor urg'd his iron ſway,
Till none oppos'd his power;
But as the ſheep the wolf evades,
When night extends its ſable ſhades,
They fled the fated hour.

Yet when their Chiefs their homage paid,
Each gen'rous feeling was diſplay'd,
Congenial with the brave;
Nor to the vanquiſh'd he deny'd
The native Briton's boaſt and pride,
But equal priv'lege gave.

Nor, mix'd with friends, wou'd he reſtrain
The open jeſt—the feſtive vein,
Nor yet the Prince diſgrace;
Prerogative he ſeem'd to own,
Was only ſuited to the Throne
The man for every place.

Yet when the royal robes he wore,
Theſe lighter ſhades appear'd no more,
Nor juv'nile folly glar'd;
But then a greatneſs all his own,
Inherent ſince to Britain's Throne,
He for a GEORGE prepar'd.

EPIGRAM.

NEREA in her beauty's bloom,
Sells her love dearly. Doſt thou wonder why?
'Tis but pr paring for her age,
When Nerea in her turn muſt buy.

THE

THE FAIRY FORTUNE-TELLER.

DEEP hid from day, on Caldbeck's Fell,
Where Fairies, whilom, wont to dwell,
A cavern deep and dark there lies,
Impervious but to prying eyes.
Here, oft, have tiny Elves been seen,
In dance and gambol on the green;
Here feasted oft the green-clad bands;
Here, to this day, their kettle stands.
But what the food on which they fed,
Tradition has not clearly said;
Yet, might we be indulg'd a guess,
We'd say that mutton was their mess;
For Caldbeck's muttons, 'tis agreed,
Sweet are, as Bansted's far-fam'd breed
But let us with our tale proceed.

A shepherd chanc'd, one morn of May,
In following of his flocks, to stray,
Where Howk's fam'd fairy mansions lay.
His flocks were feeding in his view,
He, therefore, little, had to do;
So stretch'd himself upon the green,
And whistled 'Jim of Aberdeen.'
When suddenly his soul was shent,
With shrillest shrieks of loud lament.
He started, 'rose, stepp'd on with fear,
And to the cavern's mouth drew near,
When thus, in tones of female grief;
"Unhappy Prysma! no relief!"

'Aye,' quoth the Lout, ''tis so, efec!
'She's fallen in, and broke her neck;
'But succour soon I'll bring, I wis.'—
And scrambled down the deep abyss.

Dark was, and very dark, the cave;
What light was given, the glow-worm gave.
'What hoa!—what hoa!—what has befel?
'Dead or alive, I charge you tell.'
"The voice of earthly man I hear!
"Haste, mortal, haste! O hasten here!
"Remove this mountain from my breast,
"'Neath which nine nights I've lain com-
"prest."

'Mountain! quo'a;—but I'm a Gowk;
'This is some Fairy of the Howk!
'I'm sent to save her, God be prais'd!—
'There!'—and a mighty mushroom rais'd.
'How feels your Fairyship by this?
'No broken ribs? no joints amiss?'
"None;" and she smil'd, "Thanks to
"thy zeal,
"Freed from a weight of woe I feel.
"And for this courtesy of thine,
"I'll ransack all our Fairy mine.
"Gold, silks, and silver, rubies rare,
"Rich rings, and gems of glorious glare,
"Large acron-cups, pea blossoms blue,
"Fill'd with the morn's nectarious dew.
"Demand—Ask all thy soul can crave;
"Fairies can give—and thou shalt have."

The Lout bow'd low his bushy head,
And having scratch'd it, thus he said;
'Such things are worth a deal, no doubt;
'Yet Simpkin Slouch they do not suit.
'But life I'd give, and limbs beside,
'To make fair Fanny Finch my bride.
'Cast cantraips for a lad forlorn,
'And into love turn Fanny's scorn.'

"Mortal, what can be done we'll do."
And from her breast a paper drew;
No stain it shew'd, nor word, nor flaw,
White as old Skiddaw's whitest snow:
"Take this, close press it to thy breast;
"What shall be wrote shall shew the rest."
Thrice the Fairy turn'd around,
Thrice fell prostrate on the ground;
Thrice she shriek'd in strangest tone,
Ending with a grievous groan.
Hollow voices, under ground,
Answer'd with tremendous sound.
Whilst Simpkin stood, in piteous plight,
With mouth wide open, hair upright.
"'Tis done—remove it—look! read—
"speak."
'I canno'—whoy! 'tis Hebrew—Greek.
'Had it it Cumberland been writ,
'I moyght have read—or spelder'd it.'

"Mine then the task—I understand
"Each character of fairy land.
"List' now thy fortune read by sprite."
Simp, wider gap'd, to hear aright.
"Fair Fanny Finch, the Faries decree,
"To Simpkin Slouch shall married be."
No further word the Fairy said,
But in a flash of lightning fled.

The Lout, emerging from his swoon,
Now clamber'd up, as he had down;
Rejoin'd his flock with jocund glee,
And lilted 'Sawney o'er the Lea;'
Bless'd the good fairy all his life,
For Fanny Finch liv'd Simpkin's wife.

A SIMILE.

PLEAS'D, if the liquor *mantling* flow,
Its lively, sparkling smiles we prize;
Since from its *excellence*, we know,
Those lively, sparkling smiles arise.

So, when my Mary's charms bespeak
Their pow'r to fascinate mankind,
Th' illumin'd eye, and dimpled cheek
Are but the *mantling* of her mind!

CROWDER.

ODE

ODE TO CONTENT.

TO thee, mild fource of home-felt joy!
To thee I vow this artlefs lay,
For, Nymph divine! no cares alloy,
No griefs pollute thy halcyon day.

Though foft the moon her mellow light
O'er yonder mould'ring tower hath fhed,
Though foftly fleeps her beam on night,
Yet fofter fleeps thy peaceful head.

For thee, thy fairy fprite of morn,
Her fweet, her varied dream fhall weave,
For thee, thy wood-girt thatch adorn
The calm, the golden light of eve.

For thee the cool ftream murm'ring flow,
The green, the winding, vale along,
For thee, where yonder wild pines grow,
The maiden breathes her village fong.

When wilt thou haunt my ftraw-rooft cot,
When wilt thou blefs my longing arms,
When fhall I claim thy happy lot,
When fhall I fhare thy modeft charms?

I ne'er will afk of purple pride
Her gems that idly fire the night;
The gems that o'er her treffes wide
In luftre fling their garifh light.

Nor will I afk of power to whirl
In terror cloth'd, the fcythed car,
And mad with fury, fhout to hurl
The dark, the death-fraught fpear of war.

Then come, my little dwelling fhare,
A dwelling bleft, if fhar'd with thee,
Far from the proud, from pining care,
From guilt and pale-ey'd forrow free.

Ah! let the Great, by error led,
To many a gorgeous city fly,
More bleft with thee to eat my bread
In peace and humble privacy.

More bleft to rove the earth along,
At grey-clad eve, from labour won,
To lift the woodlark's plaintive fong,
And wiftful watch the fetting fun.

More bleft by oak, that cleft and lone,
Flings o'er the ftream his mofs-hung bough,
As fwells the blaft in rougher tone,
To mark the mild wave dafh below.

More bleft nigh yonder darkling dell,
Where fleeps the Bard by fame forgot,
Of many a love-lorn grief to tell,
And mourn till morn his cheerlefs lot.

But, oh! far happier if at night,
As onward rolls the fadd'ning morn,
I meet thy blue eye's glift'ning light,
I prefs thy gently yielding form.

Sweet as the firft drawn figh of love,
Content, thou mild, thou meek-ey'd maid!
Above ftern pow'r, gay wealth above,
To thee my willing vows be paid.

TO LIO.

WRITTEN IN MAY.

FROM THE WELCH OF GWYLM TEW.

AH, why my Lio, e'er upbraid
My chang'd Affection, fix'd and ftrong?
For Heaven bears witnefs, deareft maid,
I've lov'd but thee—and lov'd thee long!

Swift to the fhades of death I go,
Yet ftill my bofom heaves for thee,
Doom'd tho' I am, with keeneft woe,
To love the maid that loves not me!

Is there no fav'rite meadow-bound,
Or wild wood cool with chequer'd fhade,
Where thou, while Summer pranks the ground,
Might'ft love to wander, cruel maid?

Ah, think how blithfome is the view
When Groves the jocund May adorn,
And op'ning buds of lovelieft hue
Are feen to grace the favage Thorn!

Thro' ev'ry mead the cuckoo's lay,
With pleafing call, unvaried floats;
While blackbirds, from each lonely fpray,
Refponfive pour their prouder notes!

Oh, that my Lio now with me
Might hear th' untutor'd charm of fong!
No gayer warblings, fure, can be;
No founds more fweet to Woods belong!

The trees put on their livelieft glow
(O, were my foul's bleft idol here!)
The mountain-ftreams melodious flow—
'Tis beauty all, to eye and ear!

Hufh'd are the winds on Arvon's brow;
The waves no longer lafh the fhore:
A fky more bright, more calm than now,
No Cambrian Bard e'er fung before!

Should

Should Lio say, "I'll meet thee there
At noon, beneath yon beechen shade,"
To deck a bow'r, with fondest care,
I'd rifle ev'ry sunny glade.

Then come, dear maid, of modest mien,
With him who loves thee deign to rove:
Nor shun to trace the woods of green—
And taste th' unsullied bliss of love!

Clifford's Inn.

THE SPARK.

EMBLEM of intense desire,
Glory, beauty, grandeur, fame,
Sprightly progeny of Fire,
Whom the learn'd Scintilla name.

I love to sit, with heedful eye,
At the close of busy day,
Where the burning coals supply
Thy amusive, transient ray.

Oft extinguish'd and reviv'd,
Swift the bright successors rise,
Till, at last, of strength depriv'd,
Thy exhausted parent dies.

Thus, like thee, the meteor—Man,
Rises, glitters, and decays—
Short, like thine, the fleeting span,
Here allotted to his days.

Thus too, like thy parent—Fire,
Shall this earthly planet fade—
Thus it's brilliant scenes expire,
All in one vast ruin laid!

Let not then Contention's breath
Blow the coals of baneful strife;
Since we must all yield to Death,
Let us cheer the Spark of Life.

ON THE FALL OF THE DIRT-HOUSE, NEAR BRIGHTON.

ITALIAN masters build their walls,
As children in their play;
Soon as the stormy tempest falls,
The whole is wash'd away.

Oh! had they built in common form
With true Masonic skill,
Firm, and unmov'd by any storm,
It had been standing still.

QUIZ.

THE POET TO HIS GARRET.

HAIL tow'ring spot! sublime retreat
Full six good stories from the street;
From whence I view luxuriant crops,
Of lead, and tile, and chimney tops;
Where I th' immortal Nine invoke,
'Midst am'rous sparrows, cats, and smoke;
Where *cooling* breezes add delight,
And make me cough both day and night;
Where blest in pleasing solitude,
(When saucy duns do not intrude)
I cheerly pass a quiet life,
In the loved *absence* of my wife;
Pestered by no ambitious thought,
(Indeed I am not worth a groat)
I envy not the rich their pelf,
But wish I'd some of it myself;
"Content is riches"—Poets tell us,
(But they at best are ragged fellows)
I'm hand in glove, with calm content,
When I can eat, and pay my rent;
At care, I scornful cock my nose,
When I touch cash for rhyme or prose,
But that, alas! (with rueful face)
I own but seldom is the case,
And if your *Garretship* could view me,
You'd swear that poverty sticks to me—
But from this shatter'd high abode,
So near Apollo, tuneful God!
Still on I'll soar, and seek my gains,
The great reward of all my pains.

S. BAKER.

VERSES;

Presented to a Lady with a Nosegay, on the Morning of the 3d January, 1799.

FOR thee, the firstlings of the year shall blow,
And fond affection fling them at thy feet;
The opening buds a brighter bloom shall shew,
And raise their heads, thy soft regard to meet.

Ah! happy task—along the vale of tears
To strew the path of those we love with flow'rs;
The heart's ease gay—the bud the myrtle bears,
And snow-drops glitt'ring with the morning show'rs.

The thorn of care to pluck from hope's fair rose,
And bind it, *gently*, on the aching breast;
That while, with ever-blushing smile, it glows,
The dew of pity on its leaves may rest.